THE DAMOISELLE, OR THE NEW ORDINARY.

A COMEDY.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. R.* for *Richard Marriot*, and *Thomas Dring*, and are to be sold at their Shops in *Fleet-street*, 1653.

Prologue.

OUR Playmaker (for yet he won't be calld
Author, or Poet) nor beg to be inſtalld
Sir Lawreat) *has ſent me out t'invite*
Your fancies to a full and cleane delight:
And bids me tell you, That though he be none
Of thoſe, whoſe towring Muſes ſcale the Throne
Of Kings, yet his familiar mirth's as good,
When tis by you approv'd and underſtood.
As if h' had writ ſtrong lines, and had the fate,
Of other Fools for medling with the State.
Readers and Audients make good Playes or Books,
Tis appetite makes Diſhes, tis not Cooks.
But let me tell you, though you have the power,
To kill or ſave; They're Tyrants that devoure,
And Princes that preſerve: He does not ayme,
So much at praiſe, as pardon; nor does claime
Lawrell, but Money; Bayes will buy no Sack,
And Honour fills no belly, cloaths no back,
And therefore you may ſee his maine intent
Is his owne welfare, and your merriment.
Then often come, 'twill make us and him the wetter,
Wee'l drown the faults of this, in one that's better.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

VErmine, *an old Uſurer.*
Dryground, *an old decayed Knight.*
Sir Amphilus, *a Corniſh Knight.*
Bumpſey, *an old Juſtice.*
Brookeall, *a Gentleman, undone by* Vermine.
Valentine, Drygrounds *Son.*
Wat, Vermins *Son.*
Freindly, *a Templer.*
Oliver, } *Two Gallants*
Ambroſe, }
Trebaſco. *Sir* Amphilus *his Footman.*
Attorney.

Mrs. Magdalen, Bumpſeys *Wife.*
Jane, *his Daughter.*
Alice, Vermins *Daughter:*
Frances, *a young Gentlewoman:*
Phillis, *a poore Wench.*
Elianor.

Lawyers.
Serjeants.
Servants.
Rabble.

The Scene LONDON.

THE

THE DAMOISELLE, OR, The New *Ordinary*.

ACT. I. *Scene* I.

Vermine, Dryground.

Ver. YOu have your Money; full a thousand pound,
Sir *Humfrey Dryground.*
Dry. And you have my Mortgage.
Ver. All well and good; all well and good. But, now,
Sir *Humfrey Dryground*, let me counsell you.
You have already spent a faire Estate;
A goodly, great estate: I do not taunt,
Nor taxe you for't.
Dry. Because its pumpt into
The purses of such wretches as thy selfe.
Ver. But give me leave, now, fairely to admonish
You, to a care, how you do part with this.

You ſpirited men call Money Dirt and Mud.
I ſay it is the Eele.
Dry. And you the Mud
That foſter it.
Ver. It is an Eele, I ſay,
In ſuch ſleek hands, as yours; from whence it glides ---
Dry. Into the Mud, oft-times, from whence it came.
Ver. I know you doe conceive me. Therefore, Sir,
(As I before was ſaying) Hold it faſt.
Dry. According to the Ballad. [*He ſings.*]

Youth keep thy Money faſt,
And tye it in thy Purſe:
For that muſt be thine onely Freind,
For better and for worſe.

Ver. So ſo, I ſee it going already.
Dry. I, to thy comfort. This is the Uſurers Scripture;
And all that they pretend Salvation by:
To give good admonition with their Money;
Though, in their hearts they wiſh the quick ſubverſion
Of all they deal with. This is all they plead
Againſt the curſes of oppreſſed ſoules:
Did not I warne you? Did not I ſay, take heed?
And ſo, and ſo forth. I muſt thank you Sir.
Ver You ſay, youle make a venture of this Money.
Dry. Yes Mr. *Vermine*, in a Project, that ---
Ver. Out upon Projects. Fy fy, out out out.
Dry. I'm confident ſhall ſet me out of debt,
With you and all the World; and reap, againe,
All, that I formerly have ſowne, with profit.
Ver. Sowne! There's a word! Prodigall waſt is ſowing.
We ſhall call Shipwrack, ſhortly, ſowing too.
Heark you Sir *Humfrey Dryground*, may not I

Be privy to your Project? Will you tell me,
If I guesse on it?

Dry. That I will in sooth.

Ver. Is't not to dreine the Goodwins? To be Lord
Of all the Treasure, buryed in the Sands there?
And have a Million yearely, from the Merchants
To cleer the passage.

Dry. You have had your blow.
No Sir, my Project is in the behalfe
Of the poor Gentleman, you overthrew
By the strong hand of Law, Bribes, and oppression;
Brookall: Do you know him Sir? whose state you suck'd,
That wrought him to a poverty that cryes
Your sinfull Covetise up to the heighth;
And renders you the Monster of our time,
For avarice and cruelty.

Ver. No more of that:

Dry. You should do well to add a sum, like this
To his releife: To wave the bitter curse
That will in time fall on you and your house.

Ver. O ho! I now remember, you have reason.
That *Brookall* had a Sister, whom you vitiated
In your wild heat of blood, and then deny'd
Her promis'd Marriage; turnd her off with Childe
A dozen yeares since, and since that, never heard of.
Ha! Is't not so? Pray, did you know her Sir?

Dry. I wish I could redeem that ruthfull fault,
By all expiatory meanes: But thy
Inhumane cruelty is inexpiable:
Unlesse (it comes from Heaven into my heart
To move thee to't) thou tak'st a speedy course
To give him threefold restitution.
Ile put thee in the way. He has a Son,
A hopefull Youth, a Student in the Law,
If his poor Fathers want of means have not

Declined his courſe: Give him thy onely Daughter,
And make his Fathers owne Inheritance
(By thee unrighteouſly uſurpt) her Dowry;
And pray a bleſſing may go with it: And then
Thou mayſt regaine a Chriſtian reputation,
Till age ſhall lead thee to a quiet Grave.
Come, is 't a match? Will you beſtow your Daughter
On *Brookalls* Son, and make your way to Heaven by't?

Ver. You have your Money.

Dry. And thou haſt Adders eares
To all ſuch Counſells.

Ver. If you break your day
I ſhall thinke of your counſell.

Dry. Farewell *Vermine*. *Exit.*

Ver. And farewell *Dryground*.
This parcell of thy Land, Ile keep from wetting: *The Mortgage.*
Tis not in thee to turne an Acre of it
Into pure Liquor, for a twelvemoneths day.
And break that day thy payment, and the Sun
Sets not more ſure, then all this Land is mine.
My Daughter! ha! Can't be in thought of man
To dreame of ſuch a Match? A wretch, a Beggar?
Within there! Where's my Girle? What *Ally*? *Ally*?
Enter Alice.

Ali. Here Sir ------

Vir. My bleſſing, and good morne: Now heare me Girle.

Ali. Now for a Speech -----

Ver. The care of Children's ſuch a ſtartle-braine,
That had I more then one, I ſhould run Wild-cat,
(Then one I mean, to care for) that's thy ſelfe,
My ſober diſcreet Daughter. Note my care,
Pil'd up for thee in maſſy ſums of wealth;
Too weighty for thy weak conſideration

To

To gueſſe from whence it came, or how together
So layd in mountainous heaps.

Ali. It is indeed
As ſtrange to me, as are the ſtony wonders
On *Salsbury* Plaine to others. But my duty
Perſwades me twas your thrift, and that great bleſſing
That gives increaſe to honeſt Induſtry,
Drawne on it by your prayers and upright life,
That wrought theſe heaps together.

Ver. O, *Ally Ally*,
Tis well if thine with all thy Huſwifry
Can keep 'em ſo. I thanke thee for thy judgement
And charitable thoughts. But------

Ali. You had other wayes.

Ver. I ſay, thou art the onely Childe I care for.
Thy Brother (though I loath to call him ſo)
Is, now, an utter ſtranger to my blood;
Not to be nam'd but with my curſe, a Wolfe
That teares my very bowells out.

Ali. Your Money.

Ver. A riotous Reprobate, that hath conſum'd
His laſt, already, of my meanes and bleſſing.

Ali. But he yet may be turn'd Sir.

Ver. Out oth' Compter!
May he be ſo, doſt think? Could I but dream
His Creditors, that have him faſt, could be
So idly merciſull, or that his youthfull Ghing
Could ſtretch, to get him out, Ile lay, my ſelfe,
An Action on him weightier, then the ſtrength
Of all their poor abilities could lift:
His *Jacks*, his *Toms*, his *Nams*, *Nolls*, *Gills*, and *Nuns*,
The roaring fry of his Blade-brandiſhing mates
Should not releaſe his Carcaſſe: If they did,
I'de force him to a tryall for his life,
For the two hundred Peices that he pilfred.

Out of my Counting-houſe. He ſhall up.
Ali. I will not forfeit my obedience Sir,
To urge againſt your Juſtice, onely I crave
Your leave to grieve, that I have ſuch a Brother.
Ver. Thou ſhalt defie the name of Brother in him,
My onely, onely Childe; and but in one command
Obey me further, all my eſtate is thine,
Tis that I cald thee for.
Ali. I do not crave
More, then your daily bleſſing; but deſire
To know what youle impoſe upon my duty.
Ver. Thou ſhalt, and ſtile thy ſelfe a Lady by't.
Ali. Now Love defend me from the man I feare.
Ver. This day Ile match thee to a matchleſſe Knight.
Ali. The Weſterne Kight Sir, that was here laſt Term?
Ver. Even he, this day he comes to Towne.
Ali. Would I
Were out on't firſt. A matchleſſe Knight [*Aſide.*]
Indeed, and ſhall be matchleſſe ſtill for me.
Ver. I like thoſe bluſhes well: I read his welcome
Upon her cheeks.
Ali. Sir, I have heard, he has
But little Land.
Ver. But he has Money Girle
Enough to buy the beſt Knights Land, that is
A ſelling Knight, in the Weſt part of *England.*
Ali. He's well in yeares.
Ver. A luſty Batchelor of two and fifty,
With, O, the husbandry thats in him.
Ali. How came he by his Knighthood? Coſt it nothing?
Ver. No: He was one oth' Cobbe-Knights in the throng,
When they were dubd in Cluſters. *Enter Servant.*
Ser. Sir, the Knight,

That

That you expect this day, is come to Towne.
His man has brought's Portmantue.
Ver. Fetch the Man.
The welcomſt man alive is come to Towne.
Ally, my Girle, my Daughter, Lady Bride!
What title ſhall I give thee? Now beſtirr you,
I know his thrift, he has rid hard to day
To ſave his Dinner *Enter Wat diſguiſed like*
Welcome honeſt freind. *a Countrey Servingman.*
And how does the right worſhipfull Sir *Amphilus*?
Wat. My Maſter is in health Sir, prayſ'd be Go ——
A little weary, or ſo, as I am of my carriage,
Which I muſt not lay down, but in the hands
Of your owne Worſhip.
Ver. Tis of weight and lock'd: I gueſſe the worth;
And warrant him the ſafety under theſe Keyes.
But where's thy Maſter?
Wat. At his Inne in *Holborne*
Telling a little with the Hoſt, till I
Bring word from you.
Ver. No, I will run to him
My ſelfe: you ſhall ſtay here. his Chamber
Fitted againſt he comes, *Ally*, beſtirr you,
And thinke no paines your trouble on this day,
To morrows Sun ſhall light your Wedding way. *Exit.*
Ali. Unleſſe ſome unexpected Fate releive me,
I ſhall be hurried to my endleſſe ruine.
Wat. You are ſad, me thinks, young Miſtreſſe, I can tell you,
My Maſter, when he comes, will make you merry.
Ali. How? As he is a Foole?
Wat. No: But as he has
The ſoule of mirth and Muſick at command;
Money, the all-rejoycing ſpirit, that
Hee'l make you merry with: Nor that alone,

But Dignity, which Women priſe 'bove money,
You are a Lady by't: Mark that. And if
He has a weakneſſe, which you reckon folly;
It laies you open way to Soveraignty;
The thing which is of moſt eſteem. You'll be
His Lady *Regent*; rule all his, and him.
Ali. This Fellow talkes not like a Serving-man:
A forty ſhilling wages Creature, but
Some diſguiſ'd ſpokeſ-man. What may be the trick o'nt?
Wat. You cannot, in th' eſtate you are, imagine
What tis to be a Wife to ſuch a man.
Ali. No more then you perceive the paines you looſe
In fooling for him thus. But ſpare your breath,
And take this briefe taſt of his Entertainment.
Firſt know, that J do know the man you ſpeak of,
To be a covetous Miſer; old and fooliſh.
Not worth in my eſtimation the worſt Meale
That ever he himſelfe paid three pence for.
Wat. Who do you mean? Sir *Amphilus* my Knight.
Ali. Yes Squire, J know him and his qualities;
The waies he got his Wealth by, caſuall Matches;
Of forty, fifty, and ſometimes a hundred
For one. When bounteous Fortune (ſeldome failing
Men of his Brain) caſt all into his mouth,
The Gudgeon gap'd for. And how ſlight a thing
It is, for ſuch baſe Worldlings to be rich?
That ſtudy nothing but to ſcrape and ſave.
That have no Faith, but in their ready money,
Nor love to Worldly pleaſures above thoſe
Poor Coblers uſe.
Wat. Cheap Whores, and Duck-hunting:
There s his delight indeed.
Ali. J hate to think of of ſuch a Dunghill Scarab.
A water-Dog Knight!
Wat. But Wedlock, to his age, will bring him home

To

To choicer pleaſures, and abandon ſuch.
Ali. His Age is fit for nothing, but to rock
Anothers Child; and to rejoyce through Spectacles,
At the ſtrong Gueſſe he has, it is his owne.
Wat. You ſlight him ſtrangely yet: but when you ſee
Him, and his weighty reaſons to confute you. ----
Ali. J will nor weigh, nor ſee him, or his reaſons.
And if thou ow'ſt him ſo much Service, tell him;
Go back and tell him ſtrait: ſave him the end
Of his intended Journey. For to come
Hither, will be to drive me hence. And tell
My Father, ere he ſhall enforce me, take him;
Ile flye into the Armes of one he hates.
Wat. Are you in earneſt?
Ali. Yes, by all my hopes.
Wat. Theſe are the armes that muſt receive thee then.
Nay, be not frighted Siſter; look, tis J. { *Off his*
Ali. Beſhrew me but J am. How got { *Beard, &c.*
you hither?
Could not the Compter hold you?
Wat. So it ſeems,
My Virtue was not to be ſo obſcur'd.
Noble Sir *Humphrey Dryground*, Siſter, was
My franck Infranchiſer. O, J have wonders
To tell thee Siſter. Thou muſt go with me.
But firſt, lend me ſome money. Borrow ſome;
(And let it be a good Summe) of my Father,
Now in his abſence. Come, ſupply, ſupply
My Pockets and thine owne. For we muſt hence.
Th'art made for ever, Siſter. Quick, diſpatch.
Ali. What's the meaning of all this?
Wat. Twill be too long to tell it here.
The Raſcall foole, to whom my Father gives thee,
Is come to Towne: And ſhould he now ſurpriſe thee,
Here in my Fathers power, thy ſtrength might faile thee.

Be therefore at a ſure Guard. O, Sir *Humphrey*,
How are my Siſter and my ſelfe bound to thee,
That plotteſt this eſcape. Diſpatch good *Ally*,
And heare thee reſt by th' way.

Ali. Why? Wither? What's the matter?

Wat. Say thou will have that Coxcomb, Ile but kill (thee,
And leave the here: And all my care is over.

Ali. Ile ſooner dye then have him.

Wat. Why do you not ſhun him then? O, ſweet Sir
Is thy care ſlighted thus, in my delivery? (*Humphrey*,
In my diſguiſe? In ſending out my Father
On Tom-fooles Errant? While a Coach is ſent
To the back-doore here; All to ſave my Siſter,
My thankleſſe Siſter here, from worſe then Rape.

Ali. Why, whither would you have me?

Wat. But hard-by.
But till the Wilde-fire of my Fathers Paſſion
Shall be run out. Slid, J had eene forgot.
Beare money with us, Siſter; pretty ſtore.
Who knowes occaſions? Let him keep in pawne
My rich Portmantue for't.

Ali. There's ſome good ſtuff in't.

Wat. More then hee'll thank me for. Wee'll talke i'th' (Coach
In, in, and furniſh; & ſo through the Garden,
And, whirre, we are gone. If we ſhould be prevented;
By this good ſteele, if J but heare one knock,
Jle make ſure work o thee. J can but truſſe for't.
There's a faire end on's both. And what will he
Do with his money then? Look how thou ſtandſt.
Jf you reſpect your Father, or the Dog-Maſter,
To be your Husband, better then me, then take (ſions.
You your owne courſe: Mine ſhall be known next Seſ-

Ali. Better then you, don't you reſpect your Father
Better then me?

Wat. No, if J do, let me be hang'd for nothiug:

And

And that would anger any man I think.
'Slid, thou and J had one Mother, (which
We both take after) ſo had not he and we.
And he takes after no body, that J know.
He loves a ſtranger better then's owne Childe:
And that mans money, better then that man,
The Devill 'bove all J think. Thou doſt not know
What Coales we ſtand on.

Ali. Who ſhall look toth' houſe?

Wat. Wilt looſe thy ſelfe with keeping that? Is that All now? Away, away.

Ali. Y'are a precious Brother. —— *Exeunt.*

ACT. I. *Scene* II.

Bumpſey, Dryground, Valentine, Magdalen, Jane.

Bum. ALL this needs not Sir *Humphrey.*

Dry. Do but heare patiently, and do your pleaſure.
J go not about to ſtop your courſe, Mr. *Bumpſey.*

Bum. Nor J yours, Sir *Humphrey*; Nor your Sonnes here; Nor his Wifes there: Onely this Gentlewoman, in mine owne right J may be bold withall, while you depart my houſe, if you may be intreated, ſo. Is not this right? Is not this plain?

Mag. Yet heare his Worſhip ſpeak, good *Bump.*

Bum. Good *Whirly*, what can his Worſhip ſpeak? Or your wiſdome twatle for him, in this Cauſe; that J do not underſtand already? Has not his Sonne wedded our Daughter? How directly, or indirectly

rectly, who meddles with his match? Nay more, has he not bedded her? How, directly or indirectly, who meddles with that either? Let him have and hold, poſſeſſe (*Hmh.*) and enjoy; do his worſt, and make his beſt of her, though ſhe be an Heire, J will not ſue him out of her: No, J proteſt; were it *Ante Copulam*, as it is *poſt*, J would not croſſe 'em. Is not this right and plaine enough.

Dry. But good Mr. *Bumpſey*, Brother *Bumpſey*, I would call you -----

Bum. Keep your Brothers and your Goods to your ſelfe, Sir, J have no need of 'em.
You are a Knight, and a man ot Worſhip---

Val. He will ſpeake all himſelfe.

Bum. J am a plaine Fellow, and out of debt.

Mag. J, let him run on.

Bum. J ſought none of your Allyance, J ---

Val. Has he the ſpeed to run beyond himſelfe?

Ja. Yes, and bring himſelfe about, J warrant you.

Bum. Nor to be joyned with houſes of great ſound,
Whoſe noiſe growes from their hollow emptineſſe.
J could have matcht my Daughter here, that was,
But now a Barronetteſſe in Reverſion,
To a ſubſtantiall Heire of two faire Lordſhips.

Dry. Perhaps no Gentleman.

Bum. Yet honourable, Land-Lordſhip's reall honour,
Though in a Tradeſ-man Son: when your faire Titles
Are but the ſhadowes of your Anceſtry;
And you walk in 'em, when your Land is gone:
Like the pale Ghoſts of dead Nobilitie.
Ha! Iſt not ſo? Is not this right and plaine?

Dry. Yes like the priviledge you uſe in your owne houſe here.

Bum. Nay I come up to you now *Sir Humfry Dry-ground*;

Up

Up in a point of Chivalry. You are a Knight,
A Baronet to boot: Your ſon is like
T'inherit that deare paid-for title, but
(Youle give me leave to uſe my plainneſſe)
Dry. Freely.
Bum. Your ſon (I ſay) is Heire to your bought honour.
Which may hereafter Ladifie my Daughter:
But where s the Land you once were Lord of? Ha!
The goodly Cornfields, Medows, Woods, and Paſtures,
That muſt maintain the Houſe, the Gownes, the Coach,
With all by complements of Horſes, Hawks, and Hounds.
Val. Now hees in.
Bum. Where be the Parks, the Warrens, Herds, and Flocks?
Beſides the Gardens, Orchards, Walks, and Fiſh-ponds?
Dry. For that heare me.
Bum. Ods pitty, give me leave,
You, that had all theſe once, in three faire Lordſhips,
To be wrought on, and tonyed out of all,
But a ſmall pittance of *Trois Cents per Annum*,
By Providence intayld upon the Heire,
(Or thad had waſted too) which now maintaines you,
In a proportion of Smoak, and Sack,
To waſh your mouth with after, where you live
Confin'd in *Milford* Lane, or *Fullers* Rents,
Or who knows where, it skills not -----
Dry. Muſt I heare this too.
Mag. Now he has almoſt done.
Bum. Can you (I ſay) think your good husbandry
A lawfull Precedent for your Gameſome ſon
To make my Daughter happy in a Marriage,
Though he had twice my Fortunes?
Ja. Now hee's coming:
Beare but with this; and if he offer not

More

More then you would requeſt, Ile loſe your love
Bum. But here's the ſubſtance of't, you have my Daughter,
Your Son, ſir, has my Daughter, that muſt have,
And ſhall, my whole Eſtate at my Deceaſe;
(No Law exacts it ſooner) This Eſtate
You ſafely may ſuppoſe ten thouſand pounds,
Which J have got by thrifty Induſtry.
Onely one thouſand, J confeſſe, my Wife
Improv'd my Fortune with, Here's the juſt ſumme.
J give her leave to give it to her Daughter:
She may endow her Husband with it. So,
Is not this plaine? Now note me further, ſir;
What J have left is my owne; and you, ſir, may
Which what is theirs take hence your Son & Daughter,
Till you ſhall heare old *Bumpſey* is deceaſt.
Then ſet him come, and challenge all — that's left;
Mean time J know my courſe.
Ja. Now chop in with him, Mother, you know how apt
Hee is to croſſe you in theſe Moods.
Val. Deare, worthy, honour'd, ſir,
Bum. ſh't, ſh't, ſh't; Woman come you with me.
Mag. J *Bump.* Let us go our way, and let them take theirs agods name.
Val. Pray heare me, ſir.
Mag. At this time, ſir, he ſhall not.
Bum. Shall not! He ſhall ſure: Ods pity! ſhall not: Are you pleas'd to ſpeak, ſir.
Val. not to offend —
Bum. Not to a Fiddleſtick. Shall not! Can you ſpeak or not?
If not, pray yell me ſo.
Val. J married, ſir, your Daughter.
Bum. You may thank her Mother for't, not me. Well, will you ſpeake? *Val.* J

Val. J married her in a firme hope to winne
Your Love and favour.
Bum. Well.
Val. Which, ſince I have not yet; and time muſt worke it,
I would make this my ſuit.
Bum. Would I could heare it once.
Val. That you would take
With re-acceptance of this thouſand pound
Your Daughter and me into your Family.
Bum. And why the thouſand pound; doe's't burn your Fingers?
Give us but meat and lodging for't: My Father,
Out of his little left Eſtate will give us
A hundred yearely for other neceſſaries.
Bump. With all my heart.
Val. And as you finde my regular life deſerve
Your future favour, ſo extend your bounty,
When Age ſhall call upon you to diſpoſe
Of all your faire Poſſeſſions.
Bum. Humh! A pretty od ſpeech this! I would I knew
The meaning on't.
Val. I mean, Sir, as I ſpeak; that till you finde
Strong probability in me to manage
A good eſtate, you truſt me not with any.
Bum. Ha! Is it ſo? Then J come to a point with you.
Mag. Marke him now, Sir *Humfrey*.
Bum. You look, Sir, in my Daughters right, to have,
After my death, my whole Eſtate, by ſhewing
Me, in my life time, your good husbandry, by husbanding of nothing:
Y' have tane off halfe my purpoſe; for J meant
To have kept it in my power, whether to leave her
Any, or nothing: And, perhaps (d'yee heare)
By an odd courſe, that J was thinking on

To

To ha' made all nothing ere J dy'd: But now
Halfe of that power Ile put into your hands,
Ile try what you can do with ſomething.
Mag. Halfe? What meane you halfe?
Bum. Even halfe of all J have.
Mag. J hope you will not deal ſo.
Bum. And as he deals with that, Ile uſe the reſt.
Mag. Pray be adviſ'd.
Bum. Never by you'gainſt this:
Ile give him inſtantly the free poſſeſſion
Of halfe J have: Now marke; if you increaſe,
Or keep that halfe, then, doubtleſſe, J ſhall do,
As well with tother for you: If you diminiſh
Or waſte it all, ile do the like with my part.
Mag. Husband.
Bum. Ile do't: Together we will live:
And Ile along with you in your owne courſe,
And, as you play your game, you win or loſe all:
Thrive and ile thrive: Spend you, and J will ſpend:
Save, and Jle ſave; ſcatter, and Ile ſcatter.
Mag. You won't be mad.
Bum. Ile do't: Let him throw Money
Into the *Thames*, make Ducks and Drakes with Peices,
Ile do the like: till he has made a match
Or no match of my Daughter: There's the point
And the whole ſubſtance on't.
Dry. Will you do ſo?
Bum. Will I? Tis done. Ile make him a good husband,
Or be no husband for him: And ſo ſee
Whats mine, out of the danger of his waſte,
And have ſome ſport too for my Money: Ha!
I love to do theſe things.
Mag. Nay, but in one thing, *Bump.* let me adviſe you.
Bump. In nothing 'gainſt this courſe, good whirly-no,
Tis ſo ſet downe. I know I ſhall be counted

An odde old humorous Cockſcombe for't by ſome:
But the truth is, I love to do theſe things:
And ſo God gi' yee joy.

Dry. Ile take my leave Sir.

Bum. Not ſo I hope, Sir *Humfry.*

Dry. I have buſineſſe,
And go well ſatisfied with this agreement:
And, *Val.* take briefly this my Charge: You are now
A Husband, be a good one: Y'have my bleſſing.
But (heark you) do you remember 'gainſt the evening?

Val. All Sir, all: I have ſpread my Nets already.

Dry. Sir, fare you well.

Bum. At your pleaſure Sir.

Dry. Ile ſhortly viſit you.

Bum. At your own good time Sir- *Exit Drygr.*
Theſe ſhall ſtay here, Ile blindfold them with Money,
And by a new way try, if they can grope
The right way into th' World. Come your way.

ACT. II. *Scene* I.

Olivcr. Ambroſe.

Ol. AND why this Gullery to me, good *Ambroſe*?

Am. J ſwear J am ſerious, and you may may beleeve it.

Ol. What, that there can be in the World an Aſſe
(Wert thou a fool to credit it) that would keep
A Houſe, by way of publike Ordinary,
For faſhionable Gueſts, and curious ſtomacks;
The daintieſt Pallats, with rich Wine and Chear;
And all for nothing, but alls paid and welcome?

Am.

Am. Vall Drygrounde told it me, whoſe truth deſerves
So well my credit, that, prove you it falſe,
Ile pay all Ord'naries and Taverne reckonings
You ſhall be at this twel'moneth.
Ol. J have heard
Of all the Mockeries, the Ape, the Ram, the Hornes,
The Goat, and ſuch tame Monſters, whom poor wits
Have ſent wiſe Tradeſmen to, as to a Knight,
A Lord, or forrain Prince; to be his Mercer,
His Taylor, Semſter, Millener, or Barber:
When thoſe, that have beene mock'd, ſtill ſent their Neighbours,
Till halfe the City have bee fool-found. Ha!
Iſt not ſome ſuch poor trick?
Am. Here comes my Author. *Enter Valentine.*
Ol. O Mr. Bridegroom, that ſtole the wealthy match!
How got you looſe ſo ſoone? J thought you had beene
tyed up by the Loines, like a Monkey to the Bed-poſt,
for a fortnight at the leaſt. How does old *Bumpſey*, that
Freecoſt Drunkard, thy mad Father-in-Law, take thy
ſtolne Marriage? I am ſure he knows on't.
Val. He found's abed laſt night i'th' nick, as we ſay.
But we are peec'd this morning.
Am. Then he wrangled it out, of himſelfe. J know
his ſingular humour.
Ol. What has he gi'n thee?
Val. Halfe, of all he has.
Am. How?
Val. On this Condition, that, if J ſave
That halfe untill he dyes, the reſt is mine too.
Ol. What if thou ſpendſt thy halfe?
Val. Heel ſpend the tother; and the ſame way, hee ſweares.
Ol. Hee'l nere keep Covenant.
Val. Ile tell you how he runs at waſte already,

This

This morning the French Taylor brought a Gowne home,
Of the faſhion, for my Wife. He bought one
Streight, ready made, for his old Gentlewoman,
That never wore ſo rich in all her life.
Am. O brave old woman! How will ſhee carry it?
Val. I ſpoke but of a Coach, and he beſpoke one.
Ol. Wonder upon wonder! *Nam* was telling one
Before thou cam'ſt.
Val. What the new Ordnary?
Ol. Doſt know the man that keeps it?
Val. They call him *Osbright*.
A brave old Blade. He was the Preſident
Of the Can-quarrelling Fraternity,
Now calld the Roaring Brotherhood, thirty years ſince,
But now grown wondrous civill, free, and hoſpitable,
Having had ſomething fallen to him, as it ſeemes.
Ol. That *Osbright* has been dead theſe many years.
Val. It was given out ſo: But he lived beyond Sea.
Ol. There s ſome ſtrange plot in't.
Val. O thou pollitick *Noll*.
Ol. Judge thy ſelfe, *Val*, what can the myſtery be?
He tells me there's no Gaming, ſo no Cheating;
Nor any other by-way of expence,
By Bawdry, or ſo, for privy profit.
Val. Such a ſuſpition were a ſin. But now
I will unfold the Riddle to you. This feaſting
Has been but for three dayes, and for great perſons,
That are invited, and to be prepar'd
To venture for a prize. This very night
There will be ſome great Rifling for ſome Jewell,
Or other rare Commodity they ſay.
I cannot nam't: tis twenty pound a man.
Ol. Is not that gaming prithee?
Val. Thats to come:
But, hitherto, nor Dice, nor Cards, nor Wench, Is

Is seen ith' house, but his owne onely Daughter.
Ol. O! has he Daughter there? Mark that *Nam.*
No gaming sayst thou? Ods me, and they play not
At the old Game of old there, I dare------
Val. I dare be sworne thou dost 'em wrong.
Ol. Shees too stale, is shee?
Tis above twenty yeares since he went over,
And was reported dead (they say) soon after,
In *France*, I take it: But, then, it seemes, he lived,
And got this Damsell there? Is she French borne?
Val. Yes, she was born and bred there: And can speak
English but brokenly. But, for French behaviour,
Shees a most compleat *Damoiselle*, and able
To give instructions to our Courtliest Dames.
Ol. Shee must be seen.
Am. But see who here comes first.

Enter Vermine. Servant.

Ver. Thou hast undone me Villaine.
Ser. Out alas!
I was as ignorant of the deceit,
As your owne innocent worship ever was
Of cozening any man of Land or Living.
Ver. Was ever man so curst in his Children!
Val. Tis the wretch *Vermine*.
Ol. What makes he here, trow, in the Temple Walks?
Val. What should he do elsewhere, when Law's his Lechery.
The Devils itch dry up his marrow for't.
He undid a worthy Gentleman I know.
Ol. I, *Brookall*, thrusting him out of his Land.
Am. Hee's fitted with an Heire for't; one that can
Justly inherit nothing but the Gallows.
Ol. Wheres *Brookalls* son? He had a hopefull one;
And, at sixteen, a Student here ith' Temple.
Val. Alasse his Fathers fall has ruined him.

Meer

Meere want of maint'nance forc'd him to ſervice,
In which hee's lately travell'd into France.
Ver. Go backe to the Recorders; Fetch the Warrant,
Ile ſearch the City and the Suburbs for her.
Exit Servant.
Amp. But *Vermine* has a daughter may prove good,
Val. A good one like enough: Ile lay a wager
Hee's poching 'mong the trees here, for a Broker,
To match his daughter to a landed husband.
This is their walk.
Ol. Let's try if we can fit him.
Val. Thou'lt nere indure his breath, it ſtinkes of brimſtone.
Ol. Ile take the wind of him: You are well met, Sir.
They ſay you have a daughter you would match, Sir.
Ver. It may be I have; it may be not; How then?
What's that to you?
Ol. Pray be not angry Sir.
The worſt of us has land, and may deſerve her.
Ver. Pray let me ask you firſt, if you be not
The knaves confederates that ſtole her from me?
Val. Is ſhe ſtolne from you Sir? In troth I am glad on't.
Amp. Tis the firſt newes we heard on't.
Ol. Though I aſſure you
We heard none ill to day: But very good,
As that of the New Ordinary.——
Amp. Then the good ſucceſſe
This Gentleman had lately with a wife.—
Val. And laſtly, this you tell us; which, but that
It comes from your own mouth, were e'en too good
For our belief, me-thinks.
Ol. Pray, is it true Sir?

That your daughter's gone, lost, or stolne, as you say?

Amp. May we report it after you, good Sir?

Ver. What are you? I would know.

Val. Gentlemen, Sir,
That cannot but rejoyce at your affliction,
And therefore blameleſſe, that deſire to hear it.

Ver. Cannot this place, where Law is chiefly ſtudied,
Relieve me with ſo much, as may revenge
Me on theſe ſcorners? How my Slave ſtayes too!
Yet I may find a time.—

Exit.

All. Ha ha ha.——

Ol. Look, look, what thing is this?——

Enter Amphilus, Trebaſco.

Amb. *Trebaſco, Skip-kennel.*

Tre. . . . .

Amp. It ſpeaks, me-thinks.

Ol. Yes, and its ſhadow anſwers it in Corniſh.

Val. I know him; 'tis the wile Weſtern Knight, that ſhould
Have married *Vermines* daughter.

Amp. *Skipkennell*, you ſhall turn Footman, now, *Skipkennell.*
I'le nere keep horſe more——

Tre. You muſt be Footman then your ſelf Sir.

Amp. No nor Mare neither.

Tre. You need not Sir, now you be determined to marry, and live here i'the City altogether. And truly, Sir, ſhe could never ha' dyed better, nor been taken from you (as they ſay) in a better time, ſo neere her journeys end.

Amb. His Mare's dead it ſeems.

Amp. Was it well done of her, coſt thinke, to die

to day upon the way, when she had been i'my purse to morrow in Smithfield: Poor fool, I think she dyed for grief I would ha' sold her.

Tre. 'Twas unlucky to refuse *Reynold Penguttings* money for her.

Amp. Would I had taken't now: and she had not dyed mine own, 'twould nere have griev'd me.

Tre. Pray bear it Sir, as they say---We are all mortall you know, and her time was come, we must think.

Amp. And't had not been the first losse that ere I had in my life, I could ha' born it.

Tre. And grace og (as they say) it shall not be the last.

Amp. I would thou couldst ascertain me that; but mischiefes are taild to one another, and I must grieve as well for the what's to come, as the departed.

Ol. We will have a bout with him: Who is departed, Sir?

Amp. My Mare, my Mare Sir: 'Twas the prettiest Tit—But she is gone——

Ol. How, is she gone Sir?

Tre. You will not talk to 'em.

Val. How is she gone, I pray Sir?

Tre. Sir, as it were, because she could goe no further.

Val. Good angry man give us leave to talk with thy Master.

Ol. Good Sir, a little more of your Mare.

Tre. I would you had her all to do you good Sir: she lies but a quarter of a mile beyond Brainford.

Val. Did you leave skin and shooes, and all behind Sir?

Tre. Shoes all behind? I thought how wise you were: Come away Master. No, while she liv'd, she never wore but two behind Sir.

Ol. Gramercy honeſt fellow, thou haſt wit in thy anger.

Amp. Sirrah, anſwer not the Gentleman ſo ſnappiſhly.

Tre. How can I chooſe, when they do nothing but make a foole of your Worſhip before your Worſhips face, and your Worſhip perceives it not.

Val. Good Sir, fall from your man to your beaſt againe.

Tre. There againe, another main mock: He would have him fall from a man to a beaſt.

Amp. Give me the ſhoon; let 'em go I ſay, I will have 'em.

Tre. Pray take 'em then, hee'l ne're be wiſer.

Amp. Theſe were her ſhoon Gentlemen, I'le keep 'em for her ſake, that little Tit, my little poor Gonhelly, that would have carried me on this little iron from *Penſans* to S. *Columb* on a day. And that's a way would try a ſtumbler you'l ſay, if you know it.

Val. 'Tis enough, I know you Sir *Amphilus*, and have fool'd enough with you. Adieu; my buſineſſe calls me. Gentlemen, will you meet me to night at the Ordinary.---

Exit.

Ol. Yes, and perhaps, be there before you too. Come *Ambroſe*——

Exeunt.

Amp. Od Gentlemen, me-thinks

Tre. Why did you talk with 'em? What had you to make with 'em?

Amp. True, wee have other matters to think on: Your firſt courſe *Trebaſco*, after we come to our lodging, ſhall be to Turnbull-ſtreet, to the Cobler,

Tre. Your Dog-tutor.

Amp.

Amp. Yes, and see how my whelp proves, I put to him last Term.

Tre. Yes, Sir.

Amp. And know of him what Gamesters came to the Ponds now adayes, and what good dogs.

Tre. Yes Sir.

Amp. And ask him---Dost thou heare? If he ha' not done away his own dog yet, *Blackswan* with the white foot? If I can but purchase him, and my own whelp prove right, I will be Duke of the Ducking-pond.

Tre. Never misdoubt, your whelp's right I warrant you; for why, he could lap before he could well go: And at ten weeks old he could pisse under leg.

Amp. He was a fine forward Puppy, true enough: But and that be a signe of short life, and he should peak away after my Mare now—Here, prethee take her shoon againe: What should I keep 'em for? They put me too much in mind of mortality, do 'em away, make money of 'em, and Ile convert it into a Dog-Collar———

Enter Vermine. *Servant.*

Tre. Ile try the Market with 'em.

Ver. the frumping Jacks are gone.———

Amp. See my Aldermanicall Father-in-Law! How d'yee do Sir? I am come. I keep my day you see before I am a Cittiner among you. How does my best belov'd I pray, your daughter? You do not speak me-thinks.

Ver. Ask you for my daughter? Let me aske you first what was your plot to put me in this fright, to make me trudge to your Inn, whilst knave your man here--Is not this he?

Ser. I doubt Sir he was taller.

Ver. Having first left a bag of Trumpery with me, stones

ſtones, and old iron, ſteals away the baggage.

Amp. This is abhomination! What Inn? and what old iron? I came at no Inne to day, nor touch old Iron, but that with ſorrow enough, my poore Mares ſhoes, ſhe left me at her ſad deceaſe to Brainford. I had rather ha' loſt the beſt part of five Mark I wuſſe; From whence I came by water, landed here at the Temple, to leave a Letter to a kinſmans chamber, now right as ſure as can be. Say *Trebaſco.*

Tre. He tells you true.

Amp. But is your daughter gone?

Ver. Gone, gone.

Amp. All ill go with her: Did not I ſay I ſhould hear of more miſchief, and that one was ever tail'd to another?

Tre. You ſaid ſo indeed: but if ſhe had been tail'd to your Mare, I ſhould have ſeen her ſure, when I ſtript her.

Ver. This is the day of my affliction,
This day Ile croſſe out of my Almanack
For ever having any thing to do on't.

Amp. Why then, you will not ſeeke her out to day?
Although me-thinks the day might ſerve as well
To find her, as to loſe her, if luck ſerve.

Ser. What elſe did you intend Sir by the warrant?
Beſt loſe no time Sir.
No, no, wee'l go.

Enter Brookeall.

Broo. Firſt take my execration with thee, Monſter.

Ver Hell vomits all her malice this day on me.

Broo. Hell ſends by mee this commendation to thee,

That

That thou hast there a most deserved Possession,
That gapes to entertain thee.

Amp. Who's this, a Conjurer that knowes hell so?

Ser. No, but a certain Spirit, that my Master Conjur'd out of his Land.

Amp. If you can conjure,
Here's money to be got Sir, but to tell us
What may be now betid of this mans daughter?

Broo. Himself, and his Posterity must all
Sink unavoydably to hell.

Amp. You are most deeply read: May not a Son-in-Law ———

Ver. Why talk you to that Rayler?

Amp. Pray Sir, may not
A Son-in-Law escape in your opinion?

Broo. No Sir: it was by Law he made the purchase,
And by his Son-in-Law, or out-law'd, down he must:
If he set ventrous foot, as his Inheritor,
Upon the mould, was got by his oppression.

Amp. Pretty mad reason me-thinks; where's that Land?

Ver. Sirrah, Ile tame thy tongue.

Broo. No, wretch, thou canst not,
Nor fly out of the reach of my fell curses,
That freedome (being all that thou hast left me)
Thou canst not rob me of.

Ver. I shall find meanes
Then to confine it, and your self in Bedlame.

Broo. Thou canst not be so just sure, to exchange
Thine own inheritance for mine.

Amp. Have you made
A purchase there too, Father-Law that should be?

Ver. How am I tortur'd! I will fly this place.

Enter Phillis, *a box in her hand.*

Phil. Nay prethee ſtay a little, good old man,
Give ſomething to my box.
Ver. Out on thee Baggage.
Phil. A little ſomething, prethee; but a teſter.
Ver. Out, out.
Phil. Thou look'ſt like a good Penny-father,
A little of thy money would ſo thrive here,
'Twould grow, by that I were ready for a husband,
Up to a pretty portion. Pray thee now——
Ver. What canſt thou be?
Phil. Inſooth a Gentlewoman, but a By-blow,
My Father is a Knight, but muſt be nameleſſe.
Ver. Can Knights get Beggars?
Phil. Why not? when ſuch as thou get Knights.
Nay, prethee, prethee now gi' me a teſter.
I ne're ask leſſe: My mother's a poore Gentlewoman,
And has no meanes, but what comes through my fingers.
And this is all my work: Come, wring it out.
Oh how I love a hard-bound Money-maſter,
Whoſe count'nance ſhewes how loath hee is to part with't!
It comes ſo ſweetly from him, when it comes:
Nay, when? I pray thee when? Piſh, make an end.

Amp. It is the prettieſt merry Beggar.
Ver. Huſwife Ile ha' you whipt.
Phil. I, when I beg i'th' ſtreets.
I have allowance here, as well as any
Brokers, Projectors, Common Bail, or Bankrupts,
Pandars, and Cheaters of all ſorts, that mix here
Mongſt men of honor, worſhip, lands and money.

Amp.

Amp. O rare Beggar-wench! *Lawyers and others passe over the Stage as conferring by two and two.*

Phil. I come not hither to intrap or cozen.
My work lies plain before me as my way.
With, *will you give me?* Praythee, hard old man.

Ver. Away, away.

Phil. What though thou com'st to deal
For this mans Land, or sell anothers right,
Or els to match thy daughter, if thou hast one
To this young Gentleman——Thou wilt give mee something.

Ver. The Devill haunts me.

Amp. Shee makes a youth of me.

Phil. Yet I prethee make not
Thy money such an Idoll, as to think
Thou shalt dishonor't, or impaire this bargain,
That match, or whatsoever thou hast in traffick,
By parting with a silly silver sixpence.
Shalt not i'fecks la, shalt not; Ile strike luck to it,
Thy match shall thrive the better. Look, I have got
Here, four and sixpence, Prethee make it a Crowne,
Twill nere be mist in thy dear daughters Dowry,
If (as I said) thou hast one.

Ver. Hellish baggage!

Phil. Hee'l gi't me by and by. I prethee find
Thy money out the while. Come out with it man!

Ver. Pull her away,
I fly thee, as I would the Devill that sent thee.

Amp. Yes, let's away, tis time; she begs of mee now.

Phil. The Devill is not surer to o're-take thee.——

Exeunt omnes preter Brooksall.

Broo. Good child I thanke thee: Thou hast somewhat eas'd

My

My pensive heart by his vexation:
She spake as Divination had inspir'd her
With knowledge of my wrongs, and his oppression,
To take my part. Take thou a blessing for't
Who ere thou art, whilst I recalculate
The miseries of a distressed man,
Cast out of all. Unhappy chance of Law!
More false and mercilesse then Dice or Strumpets;
That hast into thy Hydra-throated mawe
Gulp'd up my lives supporteance, left me nothing,
Not means for one dayes sustenance, for breath
To cry thy cruelty before my death.
That Law, once called sacred, and ordain'd
For safety and reliefe to innocence,
Should live to be accurs'd in her succession,
And now be stil'd Supporteresse of oppression;
Ruine of Families, past the bloody rage
Of Rape or Murder: All the crying sins
Negotiating for Hell in her wild practise.

Enter Attorney.

At. A man I hope for my purpose, and save me a going to the Church for one: Will you make an Oath Sir?

Broo. An Oath? for what?

At. For two shillings; and it be half a Crowne, my Client shall not stand w'ye; the Judge is at leisure, and the other of our Bail is there already. Come, go along.

Broo. I guesse you some Attorney: Do you know me?

At. No, nor any man we imploy in these cases.

Broo. He takes me for a common Bail; a Knight o'th Post,
Thou art a villaine, and crop-ear'd I doubt not:

What

What, dar'ſt thou ſay, thou ſeeſt upon me, that—
At. I cry you mercy: I muſt up (I ſee)
To the old Synagogue, there I ſhall be fitted——
Exit.

Broo. Can I appear ſo wretched? or can grief
So ſoile the face of poverty, which is vertue,
To make it ſeem that Monſter Perjury?
Rather let ſorrow end me all at once,
Then vertue be miſconſtrued in my looks,
Which I will hide from ſuch inter- *He lies on his face.*
pretation.

Enter Frendly.

Frend. Alas hee's ſore afflicted, and my newes,
I fear, will ſtrike him dead; yet I muſt ſpeak.
Sir, give not miſery that advantage on you,
To make your ſelf the leſſe, by ſhrinking under
The buffetings of fortune.
Broo. I deſir'd you
To ſeek my ſon. Ha' you found him at his Chamber?
Or has not want of fatherly ſupplies
(VVhich heaven knowes I am robb'd of) thruſt him out
Of Commons, to the Common VVorld for ſuccour?
Where is he, have you found him?
Fren. No, not him.
But I have found what may be comfort to you,
If you receive it like a man of courage.
Broo. Hee's dead then, farewell my tender boy!
Fren. Indeed, Sir, hee's not dead.
Broo. Phew——
Fren. Pray, ſir, heare me.
Broo. You'l tell me, man nere dies; But changeth Life,

And

And happily for a better. He is happieſt
That goes the right way ſooneſt: Nature ſent us
All naked hither; and all the Goods we had
We onely took on Credit with the World.
And that the beſt of men are but meer borrowers:
Though ſome take longer day. Sir, I know all
Your Arguments of Conſolation —

Fren. Indeed he is not dead; but lives —

Broo. In Heaven.
I am the ſurer on't; for that he liv'd
Not to learn Law enough, to — huſh. No more.

Fren. Subſtantially he lives in fleſh, as we do.

Broo. Speak that again.

Fren. A Gentleman of the next Chamber told me ſo.
Onely, ſir, this; if you can brook his abſence
Without feare, or miſtruſt; then he is well.

Broo. How thou playeſt with me!

Fren. He's gone to travell, ſir. Here comes the Gentleman.

Enter Valentine.

Val. I am ſure he does not know me. If he could,
I were as ſure this Charity would be rejected.
So much I know his Spirit. Is your name *Brookeall*, ſir?

Brook. My loſſes, wrongs, and ſorrowes, ſpeak my name.

Val. You had a Son late of this houſe.

Broo. And do not you infer by that he's dead?
Good, do not mock me, ſir.

Val. If this be gold,
He lives and ſent it to you; forty peeces?

Broo. Pray, sir, from whence, or where might he
archieve
So great a Sum? Not in this World, I feare,
A handsome possibility he had once,
Could I ha' kept it for him.
Val. He's in a way,
Now to a hopefull fortune. A Noble Gentleman,
Late gone to travell, ta'ne with good affection
Towards your Son, has ta'ne him to his care:
And like a Father, not a Master, keeps him.
From whose free bounty he receiv'd this meanes.
Broo. Do you think the Boy did well to send it me
then:
When twas intended for his Masters honour,
To flye in Silks and Feathers? Tis not Servant like
To wave a Masters meaning so.
Val. I had a Letter too;
Though most unhappily mislay'd.
Broo. VVhat from my Boy?
Val. In his own hand.
Broo. Ha!-- but mislay'd, you say. Ha, ha, ha,——
VVhat is the Gentleman? Or whither travell'd?
Val. That's all I crave excuse for.
Broo. Keep your money.
If you can render me my Son, Ile thank you.
Val. You speak not like a Father: wanting meanes
Your selfe for his advancement, would you bar him
The bounty of anothers full ability?
Broo. I speak more like a Father, then a Beggar:
Although no Beggar poorer. And I feare,
I am no Father: for I would not give
My Son to gain a Province, nor except
This Coyne to save my life: If he be lost,
Let me look neerer on you, sir.
Fren. I hope

He

He will accept the Money: Poverty
Was nere so coy else.

Broo. I cannot remember,
I ever saw this face: But I have seen,
(Many yeares since) one, that it so resembles,
As I could spit defiance on't ——

Val. What mean you?

Broo. And charge thee with the Murther of my Son.

Val. Pray, sir, collect your selfe.

Broo. Your name is *Valentine*.

Val. Right, sir.

Broo. Sir *Humphrey Daygrounds* Son:

Val. Most true.

Broo. Even so thy Father look'd, when, at like yeare
He was my Rivall: For young man, I tell thee
Thou hadst a virtuous, well deserving Mother.
He won her without losse of my known Friend-ship:
But, since her death, you cannot but have heard,
He basely wrong'd my Sister, and, in her,
Mee, and my Family: Whor'd her, and cast her off,
On the appointed Marriage day.

Val. O, sir.

Broo. You cannot but have heard on't. Nay, it seems,
My Boy has charg'd thee with't, before his yeares
Could warrant his ability in Combate,
And so is fallen; Or thou, not daring stand
Tryall in such a cause, by treachery
Hast cut him off; And com'st to make thy peace:
Presuming on my Poverty, with money.
Worse then the base Attornies Project this!

Val. This is meer madnesse. In an Act so foule,
As your wilde Fancy gathers this to be;
Who could escape the Law?

Broo. The Law; Ha, ha, ha.
Talk not to me of Law, Law's not my Friend.

Law

Law is a Fatall to me, as your house.
I have enough of Law; pray stand you off.
Will you, sir, furnish me, but with a Sword;
And bring me to fit ground to end this difference?
Will you do so, and like a Gentleman?

Val. VVhat shall I do for pity? — Now I have it.

Broo. Talk not to me of Law. [*He fenceth.*]

Val. Pray heare me, sir.

Broo. Now sir, your will before your end. Be briefe.

Val. You know me for a Gentleman, though an Enemy.
(I must speak in his phrase) and by that honour
A Gentleman should keep sacred, two houres hence
Ile meet you in this place ——

Broo. Pray stand you off —— to *Friendly*.

Val. From whence wee'll walke ——

Broo. Silent, as nothing were ——

Val. As nothing were betwixt us —— to some other fit ground, (as you propounded) where wee'll end the difference.

Broo. By the Sword, no otherwise.
No whinnelling satisfaction.

Val. You shall see, sir.

Broo. Go set thy house in order. Here Ile meet thee,
Exit.

ACT.

ACT. III. Scene I.

Francis — *Wat.*

Fra. I Shall repent me, sir, that ere I yeilded,
In that faire Noble way, if you expresse
Your selfe in this regardlesse of my honour.
Wat. I like a Whore, withall my heart, that talkes
So like an honest woman.
Fra. Can you expect
A Chast and constant Wife of her, Whom you
Have wrought to Lewdnesse before Marriage?
Or may I not as well deserve as well in bringing
A Maidenhead into your Marriage-bed,
As a polluted Body?
Wat. Here's a coyle,
For a poore bit afore-hand! Is it so?
'Heart, if a man bespeak a Tavern Feast
For next day Dinner; and give earnest for't
To half the value, (as my Faith and Troth
I think, is somewhat towards your Marriage payment
To be to morrow) Will not the Hostesse give him
A Modicum o're night to stay his stomack?
Your Father comes: Ile whisper yet more reason.

Enter Drygrounde *disguis'd.* Alice.

Dry. Now pretty Mr. *Alice*, you see the end
I had upon you: All the scope thereof
Tending to your contentment. Are you pleas'd?
Ali. So well, that could I but shake off the feare
(Which

(Which is moſt dangerous) of a Fathers curſe,
I durſt prouounce; nay, boaſt my happineſſe,
To be above my Virgin hopes, or wiſhes.

Dry. Let your feare vaniſh then: And, if this night,
The happineſs you are ambitious of,
Together with your Fathers leave and bleſſing
Crown not your Bed, let all the Infamy
Due to all perjur'd Wretches, that have wrong'd
Beauty and Chaſtity be branded here.

Ali. The faire reſpect I have, ſir, to your Nobleſſe;
For what you have already ſhown me, bars
Mine eares 'gainſt proteſtation. I dare truſt you.

Dry. As I have truſted you with my whole project,
My diſcreet *Alice*, further then I dare truſt
My Inſtrument your Brother; though he thinks
He underſtands it all. Yonder he is,
Profoundly Love-ſtruck too, I make no doubt.

Fry. Fye! Can you be ſo lew'd? Is that your reaſon?

Wat. Yes; can the Pariſh Parſon give you better?

Fra. His Pariſh Bull's as civill.

Wat. Well no more.
Ile talke with your Father about it.

Fra. I with your Siſter, and to better purpoſe.

Dry. Now *Wat*, what think you of my courſe, and habit?

Wat. As I love miſchiefe, and deſire to live by't;
It is the daintieſt courſe. —— O, brave ſir *Humphrey*,
How I am taken with your Shape! Old *Osbright*,
The Father of the Swindgers; ſo much talk'd on
Could nere ha' borne it up ſo. Nor his Daughter,
That was French born indeed, could ere have clipp'd,
And Frenchified our Engliſh better, then
She counterfeits to Coxcombes that do Court her:
With her fine Fee-fees, and her Laiſſe-moys;

Her Prea-awayes; Intrat a you mak a me bluſha.
O, I am tickled with it.
Dry. A, ha, my Lad.
Wat. ſlid I could dote upon you. Had I been
Your Son now, how I could have honour'd you!
Though I had kept a Precept by t, I care not.
Dry. Notable Reprobate.
Wat. The Devill ſure
Ought me a miſchiefe, when he enabled that
Old Wretch, my Father to beget me. Oh,
Tis in my bones; I feele it in my Youth:
I know from whence the Pocks is now deſcended.
The Gout begets it. There's no Uſurers Son,
But's born with an hereditary ſpice on't.
Dry. Had I rak'd *Limbo*, as I did the *Compter*,
I were not better fitted with a Copeſmate.
Wat. 'light, I could ask you bleſſing.
Dry. And I think,
That curteſie you have ſeldome done your Father.
Wat. Nere ſince I grew to any underſtanding:
Nor (as I know) before, but whipt and held to't.
Dry. Well *Wat.* You ſee how far I have truſted you,
To have the ſecond hand in our great work;
Our Project here. Though you muſt ſeem my Servant,
You are like to have the better ſhare, if you agree.
Upon the Match, and make your ſelfe my Son.
How like you your new Miſtreſſe, ſir, my Daughter;
The Maidenhead here, the new Ordinary --
The *Damoyſelle*, or what you pleaſe to call her?
What iſt a Match *Wat*? Condeſcendeth ſhe?
Wat. No man ſhall be her Husband, but my ſelfe;
Who ere ſhe lies withall, before or after.
That ſhe has roundly promis'd. But ſhe balkes,
And Boggles with me in a leſſe requeſt.

Dry.

Dry. She ſhall deny thee nothing. What iſt *Wat*?
Wat. You may command her duty, if you pleaſe.
Dry. What is it man?
Wat. 'Troth, ſir, but one nights knowledge
Of her aforehand. One word of your mouth,
I know would do it, ſir.
Dry. O Deviliſh Raſcall,
That can imagine this a Fathers Office!
Patience good *Wat*.
Wat. But that I am afeard
My Father would be pleas'd with't, Il'd take home
My Siſter elſe, and preſently.
Dry. In Maides about your work. And heare you
Franck
Diſcharge the Butchers, and the Chandlers Bills.
They wait below. The Baker and the Brewer,
I have made even with.
Fra. And the Vintner too.
Dry. The Bottle-man too, and Tobacco Merchant,
Do as I bid you, go. Now *Wat* Obſerve me:
As an ingenious Critick would obſerve
The firſt Scene of a Cemedy, for feare
He loſe the Plot.
Wat. I do obſerve you, ſir.
Dry. I have, you know, releas'd you from your thrall-
dome.
Upon condition you ſhould ſteale your Siſter,
To be at my diſpoſe. You have perform'd it:
Wat. Honeſtly, ſir.
Dry. Yes, honeſtly, as you ſay.
And though it be for her own abſolute good;
Yet was your Act ſo gratefull to me, that
I promis'd you my Daughter.
VVat. Right ſir, on.
Dry. I ſhall be briefe: you know my Fortune, *VVat*

Are ſunk, and you have heard, I make no doubt,
'Mongſt other of my follies, of a Child
I got on *Brookealls* ſiſter, on the by, *Wat.*

Wat. And this is ſhe, I love a baſtard naturally,
Ah thy are bouncing ſpirits: Now I love her
More then I did Sir.

Dry. You come fairely on.
But now, my poverty affords no portion.
Now, *Wat*, to raiſe a portion!

Wat. I, now, now.

Dry. Now I come to it, *Wat*: I tooke this houſe,
And in this habit here, turn'd pimping Hoſt,
To make the moſt of her, and find a Husband
To take her with all faults.

Wat. That's I, that's I Sir: this has muſick in't.

Dry. You will be ſecret *Wat.*

Wat. No dumb Bawde like me.

Dry. Nay in a plot of villany I dare truſt thee.

Wat. In troth you cannot thinke how much I love it;
How I am tickled with it! Good Sir, on.

Dry. This I have deſign'd to put her off
(I mean her Maiden-head) at ſuch a rate
Shall purchaſe Land.

Wat. How, good Sir *Humphrey*, how?

Dry. She ſhall be rifled for. raffled

Wat. How! Rifled Sir?

Dry. Yes, rifled *Wat*; the moſt at three fair throws,
With three fair Dice, muſt win and wear her, *Wat.*
Youle take her with all faults?

Wat. Can you ſuſpect me?
It is the rareſt invention, if the Gameſters
Be ſtiffe and ſtrait, that ever was projected!
What is't a man?

Dry.

Dry. But twenty Pieces, boy.
Wat. I vow too little, leſſe their number help us.
How many Gamſters have you?
Dry. A full hundred.
Wat. Two thouſand pound! A merry portion,
And worth as many Maiden-heads in the ſport
A man ſhall finde in ſpending it! Me-thinks
I feele my ſelf even flying with't already.
Dry. What art thou thinking, *Wat*?
Wat. That here may grow
A danger Sir, the Gameſters being ſo many.
Dry. Why, there's but one muſt uſe her.
Wat. Phew, for that
I were indifferent, if 'twere all or more
(As it is poſſible a wench might bear it)
If they come ſingle, and in civill ſort,
Allow her breathing-whiles——
Dry. Here's a ripe Raſcall!
Wat. But my doubt is, that ſuch a multitude
May fly into combuſtion, blow up all
The buſineſſe and our hopes.
Dry. Now your doubt
Reflects upon my Iudgement: didſt thou note
How quietly thoſe Gallants here to day
Parted with their gold?
Wat. Yes, very gallantly.
Dry. They ſhall agree as well for the Commodity,
As I have caſt it, *VVat*; ſo well my boy,
That no diſtaſte ſhall be or ta'ne, or given,
Anon youle ſee.
VVat. She knows not on't you ſay,
Dry. Nor ſhall ſhe *VVat*, till at the puſh I charge her
To be obedient in the undertaking.
VVat. And that's a ſweet obedience: I could kneel

Before my wretched Sire in ſuch commands,

Enter Francis.

Dry. Anon Ile make it all plain to you. How now *Frank*?

Fran. There are two Gentlemen in the next room,
That by all meanes would ſpeake with you: I have had
The fouleſt coyle with one of 'em, that perſwades
Himſelfe you keep a Bawdy-houſe, by ſomewhat
He gather'd Eveſdropping, by your diſcourſe here,
While t'other held me talking; who is civill,
And loves me with a modeſt fair affection.

Dry. Where is his ſiſter, *Alice*?

Fran. Unſeen I wrrrant you.

Dry. Then let them enter. Whip into your diſguiſe *Wat*.--- *Exit Fran.*
And be at call.

VVat. Preſto, Anon, anon Sir. *Ex. VVat*

Dry. Did they Eaveſdrop me? I will Eaveſdrop too.--- *Stands aſide.*

Enter Oliver, Ambroſe.

Ol. Did not I tell thee't was a Bawdy-houſe?

Am I cannot think ſo yet: there is ſome other Trick in it; the Maid you ſee is very modeſt.

Ol. That is the trick on it man, ſhe muſt ſeem ſo. Her Father deals for her.

Am. Fye! Can there be ſuch Fathers?

Ol. Yes, and ſuch Mothers too: The Towne's too full of 'em.
Come, ſhee's a Jugling whore I warrant thee,
For all her Fee-fees, and her Laiſſe-moys,

Pox

Pox of her counterfeit Gibbriſh Ile make her ſpeak
In plainer Engliſh, ere I ha' done with her.
Dry. I have enough. You are welcome Gentlemen.
Ol. He looks like ſuch a Blade. Are you the Maſter here Sir?
Dry. I am the man that's much rejoyc'd to ſee
Such ſparkling Spirits underneath this Roofe,
Where all you finde is yours. Sirrah Varlet.
Ol. Each ſyllable he ſpeaks bewrays him.
Dry. Varlet I ſay.
Wat. Here Sir.

Enter Wat with Wine.

Dry. Give me the Complement. Gallants,
Wilt pleaſe you taſte your welcome in a Cup,
The ſpirit of whoſe never dying Liquor,
Speaks ore the brim in this high Language to you.
Full ſix and thirty times hath *Luna* wan'd
The ſtrength ſhe got in ſix and thirty growths
From *Phœbus* vertuous beames, into this Juyce,
To make it Nectar for *Phœbean* wits.
Tis this inſpires their braines with fire Divine,
By which to write high ſtraines; and herein lurks,
The gift, One has to bounce up his own works.
Ol. Your meaning is good Sack, and three years old.
To put you by your Beverage and your Bombaſt,
I will nor drinke, nor talke of other thing,
But the choice thing of things, your Daughter Sir.
Dry. Thou ſhalt not wooe my Daughter, nor ne man for thy ſake, *Sing.*
Unlaſſe thou come untill her by her Daddy nak'd.
Her Mammy's gone to Heaven Sir. And I pray,
Let Fathers poor breed Daughters as they may.
Ol. Your care, no doubt, is great what will it hold?

The Rifling Sir, I meane. Is your number full?
May not a man put in Sir for a chance?
Dry. What do you mean Sir?
Ol. May not we
Come in adventurers? Here are twenty peeces.
Dry. I finde you haye overheard me. Call my Daughter. *Exit Waſ.*
Now Ile diſcloſe a ſecret to you. But Gentlemen,
As you love wit and mirth, cenſure me mildly,
I am a Gentleman decayd in Fortune.
Ol. And canſt thou be ſo baſe to ſell thy Childe
To Luſt and Impudence?
Dry. Be not too raſh.
My Child's as deare in my reſpect, as you
Were ever to your Father.
Am. Deyill thou lyeſt —— *Draw.*
Ol. Nay, hold, good *Ambroſe*; you een now were angry
With me, that did oppoſe your faire Conſtruction
Of this good Gentleman and his vertuous Daughter.
Am. My ignorance wrong'd us both.
Ol. Good modeſt *Ambroſe*,
What do you thinke of this diſcovery?
Dry. You had diſcover'd more, if his impatience
Had not prevented me: But now I am dumb to you
In all, but this. If youle be pleas'd to ſup here,
I ſhall afford you welcome. I haye buſineſſe. *Exit.*
Ol. What can we make of this?
Am. I know what to do.
If City Juſtice, grave Authority
Protect it not, Ile ſurely ſpoyle the ſport.
Ol. Canſt thou be ſo malicious, that, but now
Didſt love this Wench ſo dearly, as to run her
Into the hazard of Correction?
Stay: Here ſhe comes, and the Pimp whiskin with her.

Enter

Enter Wat. Fran.

Do thou take him in hand. Ile handle her.
Now Madam, twenty pound a man! Nay do not
Coy it too much? Your provident Father left us,
To make our ſelves more known to you; as your price
Is known to us already: Look upon us.

Fra. Pre ye Sir, have you been ever in *France*?

Ol. In *France*? No ſurely, nor in Doctors hands
Since I was Placket high. Why ask you Lady?

Fra. For, if you could ſpeak Franſh, I could the better
Find what you ſay. I can no underſtand
What tis you mean by price. What is that *Price*,
If it be no Welch Gentleman? *Ie prie vous dere.*

Ol. I meane
The price of three throws for your Maydenhead,
Tis twenty peeces. If I win it (Hearke you)
What will you give me out of your groſſe ſum
To take it neatly off; and like an Operator,
~~Put you to no paine?~~

Fra. Parle Françoy Monſieur, Ie vou prie.

Ol. Thou art a handſome Hyppocrite: And this
Cunning becomes thee well. Ile kiſſe thee for't.

Fra. Fee fee Monſieur. O fee! tis no good faſhion,
For the young Man and Mayd to no ting but kiſſe!

Ol. Tis not ſo good indeed; nothing but kiſſe.
A little of tone with tother will doe well.

Fra. Fee fee, you no underſtand. That Gentleman,
Speaks he no Franſh?

Ol. Yes yes. He ſpeaks no French.

Fra. He Monſieur vou mocque de Moy.

Ol. Owie par ma foy.

Fra. Ha Monſieur vou parle françoy. Ie ſui bien aiſe.

Ol. Eaſie! Yes yes, I thinke you would be eaſie

To

To one that knew but how to manage you,
For all the boast of your Virginity.

Fra. Excuse me Sir, I can no understand.

Ol. Me thinks you should. Come prithee leave this fooling,
I know you can good English, if you list.

Fra. Indeed I can. But, in my best, and all
I cannot understand you Sir, nor frame
An answer to your rudenesse. When you know me
Better, youle speak in better phrase, and then
Tis like you may finde better language from me:
Till when, pray give me leave to leave you Sir.

Ol. Nay heark you Lady, heark you (still more mysticall!)
Nay since you can speak English, I must talke w'ye.

Fra. So youle be civill.

Ol. Civill I swear, and private. *They go aside.*

Am. Does shee not know on't, sayst thou?

Wat. No Sir, no:
Not the least inckling of it: The old man
Carryes it so discreetly.

Am. Blesse me Heaven?
Discreetly sayst thou. To betray his Childe,
To sale of her Virginity.

Wat. Yes, discreetly.
She dreames of no such businesse; such intent:
No more then the Cud-chewing Heifer knowes
The Butcher, that must knock her down ifaith.
O, twill be bravely carried! I my selfe
Knew nothing till this houre: though I saw
Money put in his hand by divers Gallants:
Men of great place and worship; which I gather
Are to be of the Riflers.

Amb. Prithee who?

Wat. All must be namelesse. There are Lords among 'em.

And

And ſome of civill Coat, that love to draw
New ſtakes at the old Game, as well as they;
Truckle-breech'd Juſtices, and buſtling Lawyers,
That thruſt in with their Motions; Muffled Citizens;
Old Money-Maſters ſome, that ſeek the Purchace:
And Merchant Venturers that bid for the
Forreine Commodity, as faire, as any.

Amb. Was ever ſuch an outrage! Heark thee fellow —
They aſide.

Fra. Sir, I have heard you with that patience
(And with no better) as the troubled Pilot
Endures a Tempeſt, or contrary winds:
Who, finding neretheleſſe his Tackling ſure,
His Veſſell tight, and Sea-room round about him,
Playes with the waves, and vies his confidence
Above the blaſts of Fortune, till he winns
His way, through all her threatnings, to his Port.
You may apply this.

Ol. And you may be plainer.
Is there not ſuch a project for your Maydenhead?

Fra. It deſerves no anſwer.
But to be rid of you, together with
The Devill, that inflam'd you to that queſtion;
Know, that knew I of ſuch a plot or project;
Or, that I had a Father (as injuriouſly
You have ſuggeſted) could be ſo inhumane,
To proſtitute my ſpotleſſe Virgine honour
To Luſt for Salary, I would as ſure prevent it,
As there is force in poyſon, Cord, or Steel,
At price of both our lives. Sir, I have ſayd now. *Exit.*

Ol. This Wench amazes me. Could I beleeve now
There could be truth in Woman, I could love her.

Amb. Well, Ile make one: Meet me there two houres hence,
And fetch my twenty Peices.

Exit.

Wat. I will not faile you. In the Temple Walkes ----- *Exit.*

Amb. Where, if I fit you not -----

Ol. Nay! What discovery?

Amb. A villany enough to blow the house up.

Ol. And I have found (I thinke) a vertue, that Might save a City: But let's hence. We may Conferr our notes together by the way. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. *Scene* II.

Bumpsey, Magdalen, Jane, all in brave Cloaths.

Bum. NAy, nay, I know he is flown out, and I Am prettily provided for like flight: And if I do not pitch as high, and souse As deep, as he, while there is Game to fly at ----- Five hundred Peices he took out you say?

Ja. And sayd he would venter't at the Ordinary.

Bum. Thats hee, thats he! Why this is excellent.

Mag. This was your folly *Bump.* He was content To have walk'd moneylesse you saw, but you Would force him. At a word you did la' *Bump.*

Bum. I force him, ha?

Mag. I, at a word, you put it in his head, And put the Sword into the Madmans hand, As one would say.

Bum. Good Mrs. *At-a-word.* Let not your fine French Frippery, which I bought, Turn'd oth' Taylors hands (as one would say) Huffle you up to Soveraignty: Nor your Coach, Which I have but bespoak, whirle you away, Before tis finish'd) from obedience.

Mag.

Mag. Good lack fine Gentleman, that weares the Purchaſe
Of a Pawn'd forfeiture. Muſt *I* not ſpeak trow?
Bum. Excellent *Magdalen*!
Mag. Sir, *I* will ſpeak; and be allow'd to ſpeak.
Bum. And ſpeak allow'd too; will you *Magdalen*?
Mag. *I*, at a word; Since you have put me to't,
I will uphold the Faſhion; Learn, and practiſe
Behaviour and carriage above my parrell.
I at a word, *I* will la, that *I* will.
Bum. This is moſt excellent! My old Beaſt is
Infected with the Faſhions; Faſhion-ſick!
Pray Ma-dame take your courſe, uphold your Faſhion:
And learn and practiſe Carriage to your Cloaths:
I will maintain my humour, though all ſplit by't.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Vermine* deſires to ſpeak with you.
Bum. Ifaith I will Ma-dame. -- [*Exit with Servant.*]
Ia. My Husband, Mother,
Reports of a rare Creature come to Towne,
Of a French breed; a *Damoyſell*, that profeſſeth
The teaching of Court-carriage and behaviour:
The rar'ſt he ſaies ——
Mag. Can ſhe teach the elder ſort?
Ia. All ages from ſix yeares to ſixty ſix.
Unleſſe they be indocible he ſaies.
Mag. Indocible! What's that?
Ia. Stiff i'the hammes, I think.
Mag. Nay, then wee'll to her.
I can yet bowe my Haunches; come and go
With them, as nimbly as the barren Doe.
My Gimboles don't complain for want of Oyle yet.
Wee'll have this Madame; and we will be Madames
Ourſelves

The Rifling Sir, I meane. Is your number full?
May not a man put in Sir for a chance?
Dry. What do you mean Sir?
Ol. May not we
Come in adventurers? Here are twenty peeces.
Dry. I finde you have overheard me. Call my Daughter. *Exit Wat.*
Now Ile diſcloſe a ſecret to you. But Gentlemen,
As you love wit and mirth, cenſure me mildly.
I am a Gentleman decayd in Fortune.
Ol. And canſt thou be ſo baſe to ſell thy Childe
To Luſt and Impudence?
Dry. Be not too raſh.
My Child's as deare in my reſpect, as you
Were ever to your Father.
Am. Devill thou lyeſt —— *Draw.*
Ol. Nay, hold, good *Ambroſe*; you een now were angry
With me, that did oppoſe your faire Conſtruction
Of this good Gentleman and his vertuous Daughter.
Am. My ignorance wrong'd us both.
Ol. Good modeſt *Ambroſe*,
What do you thinke of this diſcovery?
Dry. You had diſcover'd more, if his impatience
Had not prevented me: But now I am dumb to you
In all, but this. If youle be pleas'd to ſup here,
I ſhall afford you welcome. I have buſineſſe. *Exit.*
Ol. What can we make of this?
Am. I know what to do.
If City Juſtice, grave Authority
Protect it not, Ile ſurely ſpoyle the ſport.
Ol. Canſt thou be ſo malicious, that, but now
Didſt love this Wench ſo dearly, as to run her
Into the hazard of Correction?
Stay: Here ſhe comes, and the Pimp whiskin with her.
Enter

Enter Wat. Fran.

Do thou take him in hand. Ile handle her.
Now Madam, twenty pound a man! Nay do not
Coy it too much? Your provident Father left us,
To make our selves more known to you; as your price
Is known to us already: Look upon us.
Fra. Pre ye Sir, have you been ever in *France*?
Ol. In *France*? No surely, nor in Doctors hands
Since I was Placket high. Why ask you Lady?
Fra. For, if you could speak Fransh, I could the better
Find what you say. I can no understand
What tis you mean by price. What is that *Price*,
If it be no Welch Gentleman? To price live dere.
Ol. I meane
The price of three throws for your Maydenhead,
Tis twenty peeces. If I win it (Hearke you)
What will you give me out of your grosse sum
To take it neatly off; and like an Operator,
~~Put you to no paine?~~
Fra. Parle Françoy Monsieur, Je vou prie.
Ol. Thou art a handsome Hyppocrite: And this
Cunning becomes thee well. Ile kisse thee for't.
Fra. Fee fee Monsieur. O fee! tis no good fashion,
For the young Man and Mayd to no ting but kisse!
Ol. Tis not so good indeed; nothing but kisse.
A little of tone with tother will doe well.
Fra. Fee fee, you no understand. That Gentleman,
Speaks he no Fransh?
Ol. Yes yes. He speaks no French.
Fra. He Monsieur vou mocque de Moy.
Ol. Owie par ma foy.
Fra. Ha Monsieur vou parle françoy. Je sui' bien aisie.
Ol. Easie! Yes yes, I thinke you would be easie

To

To one that knew but how to manage you,
For all the boaſt of your Virginity.
Fra. Excuſe me Sir, I can no underſtand.
Ol. Me thinks you ſhould. Come prithee leave this fooling, I know you can good Engliſh, if you liſt.
Fra. Indeed I can. But, in my beſt, and all
I cannot underſtand you Sir, nor frame
An anſwer to your rudeneſſe. When you know me
Better, youle ſpeak in better phraſe, and then
Tis like you may finde better language from me:
Till when, pray give me leave to leave you Sir.
Ol. Nay heark you Lady, heark you (ſtill more myſticall!)
Nay ſince you can ſpeak Engliſh, I muſt talke w'ye.
Fra. So youle be civill.
Ol. Civill I ſwear, and private. *They go aſide.*
Am. Does ſhee not know on't, ſayſt thou?
Wat. No Sir, no:
Not the leaſt inckling of it: The old man
Carryes it ſo diſcreetly.
Am. Bleſſe me Heaven?
Diſcreetly ſayſt thou. To betray his Childe,
To ſale of her Virginity.
Wat. Yes, diſcreetly.
She dreames of no ſuch buſineſſe; ſuch intent:
No more then the Cud-chewing Heifer knowes
The Butcher, that muſt knock her down ifaith.
O, twill be bravely carried! I my ſelfe
Knew nothing till this houre: though I ſaw
Money put in his hand by divers Gallants:
Men of great place and worſhip; which I gather
Are to be of the Riflers.
Amb. Prithee who?
Wat. All muſt be nameleſſe. There are Lords among 'em. And

And ſome of civill Coat, that love to draw
New ſtakes at the old Game, as well as they;
Truckle-breech'd Juſtices, and buſtling Lawyers,
That thruſt in with their Motions; Muffled Citizens;
Old Money-Maſters ſome, that ſeek the Purchace:
And Merchant Venturers that bid for the
Forreine Commodity, as faire, as any.

Amb. Was ever ſuch an outrage! Heark thee fellow —
They aſide.

Fra. Sir, I have heard you with that patience
(And with no better) as the troubled Pilot
Endures a Tempeſt, or contrary winds:
Who, finding neretheleſſe his Tackling ſure,
His Veſſell tight, and Sea-room round about him,
Playes with the waves, and vies his confidence
Above the blaſts of Fortune, till he winns
His way, through all her threatnings, to his Port.
You may apply this.

Ol. And you may be plainer.
Is there not ſuch a project for your Maydenhead?

Fra. It deſerves no anſwer.
But to be rid of you, together with
The Devill, that inflam'd you to that queſtion;
Know, that knew I of ſuch a plot or project;
Or, that I had a Father (as injuriouſly
You have ſuggeſted) could be ſo inhumane,
To proſtitute my ſpotleſſe Virgine honour
To Luſt for Salary, I would as ſure prevent it,
As there is force in poyſon, Cord, or Steel,
At price of both our lives. Sir, I have ſayd — *Exit.*

Ol. This Wench amazes me. Could I beleeve now
There could be truth in Woman, I could love her.

Amb. Well, Ile make one: Meet me there two houres hence,
And fetch my twenty Peices.

Wal.

Wat. I will not faile you. In the Temple Walkes ------

Exit.

Amb. Where, if I fit you not -------

Ol. *Nam* I What diſcovery?

Amb. A villany enough to blow the houſe up.

Ol. And I have found (I thinke) a vertue, that Might ſave a City: But let's hence. We may Conferr our notes together by the way. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. *Scene* II.

Bumpſey, Magdalen, Jane, all in brave Cloaths.

Bum. NAy, nay, I know he is flown out, and I Am prettily provided for like flight: And if I do not pitch as high, and ſouſe As deep, as he, while there is Game to fly at ------ Five hundred Peices he took out you ſay?

Ja. And ſayd he would venter't at the Ordinary.

Bum. Thats hee, thats he! Why this is excellent.

Mag. This was your folly *Bump.* He was content To have walk'd moneyleſſe you ſaw, but you Would force him. At a word you did la' *Bump.*

Bum. I force him, ha?

Mag. I, at a word, you put it in his head, And put the Sword into the Madmans hand, As one would ſay.

Bum. Good Mrs. *At-a-word.* Let not your fine French Frippery, which I bought, Turn'd oth' Taylors hands (as one would ſay) Huffle you up to Soveraignty: Nor your Coach, Which I have but beſpoak, whirle you away, Before tis finiſh'd) from obedience.

Mag.

Mag. Good lack fine Gentleman, that weares the Purchaſe
Of a Pawn'd forfeiture. Muſt *I* not ſpeak trow?
Bum. Excellent *Magdalen*!
Mag. Sir, *I* will ſpeak; and be allow'd to ſpeak.
Bum. And ſpeak allow'd too; will you *Magdalen*?
Mag. *I*, at a word; Since you have put me to't,
I will uphold the Faſhion; Learn, and practiſe
Behaviour and carriage above my 'parrell.
I at a word, *I* will la, that *I* will.
Bum. This is moſt excellent! My old Beaſt is
Infected with the Faſhions; Faſhion-ſick!
Pray Ma-dame take your courſe, uphold your Faſhion:
And learn and practiſe Carriage to your Cloaths:
I will maintain my humour, though all ſplit by't.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Vermine* deſires to ſpeak with you.
Bum. Ifaith I will Ma-dame. -- [*Exit with Servant.*]
Ia. My Husband, Mother,
Reports of a rare Creature come to Towne,
Of a French breed; a *Damoyſell*, that profeſſeth
The teaching of Court-carriage and behaviour:
The rar'ſt he ſaies ——
Mag. Can ſhe teach the elder ſort?
Ia. All ages from ſix yeares to ſixty ſix.
Unleſſe they be indocible he ſaies.
Mag. Indocible! What's that?
Ia. Stiff i'the hammes, I think.
Mag. Nay, then wee'll to her.
I can yet bowe my Haunches; come and go
With them, as nimbly as the barren Doe.
My Gimboles don't complain for want of Oyle yet.
Wee'll have this Madame; and we will be Madames
Ourſelves

Ourſelves, or it ſhall coſt us each a Crown
A month the teaching. In a Month we may,
Practiſing but one houre in a day,
Be Madames, may we not?
Ja. Yes, if we give our mindes to't; and but ſteale
Fit times to practiſe.
Mag. Wee'll find Lecture times:
Or baulk St. *Antlins* for't the while. But mum.

Enter Bumpſey, Vermine.

Bum. Do you wonder at my bravery? Look you here:
This is my Wife; and this my Daughter, ſir.
You have loſt yours, you ſay: Perhaps for want
Of Hufty-luſties, and of Gorgets gay.
Ha! iſt not ſo?
Ver. The World's turn'd prodigall.
You do not well to mock me, when I come
For comfort and adviſe.
Bum. Shall I be plain w'ye;
My beſt adviſe is, ſince your Daughters gone,
To turn your Son after her. He lies not in
For much above a hundred pound. Pay it,
And let him take his courſe: If he be not
Got looſe already. Then (obſerve my Counſell)
Spend you the reſt of your Eſtate your ſelfe;
And ſave your Heires the ſin. It is the courſe
I have in hand, and mean to follow it.
You like it not (it ſeems) but thus it is,
When men adviſe for nothing. Had your Lawyer
Now for his fee, given Counſell, might have damn'd you:
You would have thought it worth your Gold, and follow'd it.

VVill

VVill you go with me to an Ordinary?
Venter five hundred or a thouſand Peeces,
To begin a new VVorld with.
Ver. Mrs. Bumpſey, I take it you are ſhe.
Mag. An old Ape has an old eye.
He knowes me through all my cuts and ſlashes.
Ver. How long I pray, has my good friend your Husband
Been thus diſtracted?
Mag. But when I am perfect
In the quaint Courtly carriages, that belong
Unto this habit; in which, I confeſſe,
I am yet but raw; how will you know me then?
Ver. She is as mad as he.
Bum. How Lady-like ſhe talkes!
Mag. Or, now my black Bag's on, I hold a penny
You do not know me. Bogh-who am I now?
Ver. Moſt unrecoverably mad! young Gentlewoman:
Nay, I intreat your favour for an anſwer?
As you can pity a wrong'd mans diſtreſſe.
Give me what light you can of my loſt Daughter,
You have been inward alwaies, and partook
The neareſt of her Counſels. *Tell* me fairely
I do beſeech you in this gentle way.
Though I profeſſe *I* have a ſtrong preſumption
Againſt your Husband, and his young Aſſociates
I met to day; and bore their mocks and taunts:
On which *I* have good ground for a ſtrickt courſe
To force 'em to examination.
Yet I intreat you ſee.
Ja. The VVorld is turn'd
Quite upſide downe: Elſe *I* ſhould wonder
How you could make requeſts, that have got all
You have (too much) by Rapine and Oppreſſion.
Ver. Do you upbraid me?

Bum.

Bum. What's the matter Jane?

Ja. The Fox here learns to ſing.

Mag. Ile fox him out oth' hole if he ſing here.
Will no Prey ſerve you but new married wives, Fox?

Ver. Why do you abuſe me thus?

Ja. I heard you, ſir, with too much patience,
Abuſe my Husband with your foule Suſpition.
Who is as cleer, I know, from wronging you,
As your own Son.

Ver. Your mocks are monſtrous.
Were not he faſt enough, I would reſolve
No other friend had robb'd me.

Mag. Is your ſon a friend? At a word, hee's like you.

Enter Sir Amphilus, *Servant.*

Amp. J pray, if my man aske for mee, ſend him to me, by your Maſters leave. By your leave Sir, I made bold to follow a Father-in-Law of mine that ſhould have been, into your houſe here, with much ado to find it. Any good newes Sir yet? Ha' you heard of her? J cry theſe Ladies mercy; though you may take me for a Clowne, J muſt not forget I am a Knight, and give you the curteſie of my lips——

Bum. In the name of Peaſantry, what Knight art thou,
If not the Knight of the Plough-ſhare?

Mag. A fine ſpoken, and a well-bred man, at a word: He call'd us Ladies. To ſee what Apparell can do! How long might I have trudg'd about in my old coats before J had been a Lady? And then hee would do us the curteſie to kiſſe us: Sure, ſure, as curteſie makes a Knight, ſo cloaths makes a Lady.

Amp. It ſeems ſhe's loſt then. All ill go with her.

Bum.

Bum. What old youth can this be?

Amp. Your warrant, perhaps, may find her though. And I tell you what.
I ha' ſent my man to lay the Ducking Ponds for her.

Bum. Do you think ſhe would drown her ſelfe?

Amp. Who knowes what toy might take her? Is ſhe not a woman, as other fleſh and blood is? I had another occaſion to one that belongs to the Ponds. I tell you as a Friend, I had not ſent els: Come Father-in-Law that ſhould have been; hang ſorrow. You have had but one Loſſe to day. I have had two. Ile gi't you in Rhime.

My Mare and my Miſtreſſe I loſt on a day,
T'one of 'em dyed, and t'other ran away.

Ja. You are acquainted among the Poets it ſeems, ſir?

Amp. Truly but one that's a Gamſter amongſt us at the ducking Pond; a Cobler, but the neateſt Fellow at Poetry, that ever was handicrafts-man; & no Scholler, to enable him by learning, to borrow of the Ancients: Yet he is a Tranſlator too. And he makes the ſweeteſt Poſies for Privie-houſes.

Ja. Ha, ha, ha.

Bum. What a youth's this for a Knight!

Enter Trebaſco.

Amp. Ile tell yee Ladies —— O *Trebaſco*. Good newes at laſt I hope.

Tre. I can never finde you any where, but jeer'd and laugh'd at, and are fool'd, (as I have often told you) to your Worſhips face, and your Worſhip perceives it not.

Amp. To the point, man. How does my Whelp? He

is grown a tall Dog by this I hope: reſolve me quickly.

Tre. Why, to put you out of your pain; your Whelp's grown a tall Dog.

Amp. Good

Ja. You ſaid you would tell us, ſir: What will you tell us?

Tre. And a handſome Dog.

Amp. Good again.

Ja. What a Dog-trick's is this?

Tre. And h'as learnt, beſides the main Game, all the rare tricks and qualities his Tutor could teach.

Amp. Excellent.

Ja. Will you not tell us, ſir, about your Poet?

Amp. Hang him, my Dogs worth 'em all, in ready money.

Mag. I pray, ſir.

Amp. I will not give his eares for the ſwolnſt head-full of wit among 'em.

Are not his Eares finely curl'd *Trebaſco*? Like his Dam *Flapſes.*

Tres Yes, and his Coat all over, ſir, they told me.

Amp. Told thee! Didſt thou not ſee him? My heart miſgives me.

Tre. See him? No indeed, ſir; but I pray beare it as well as you may:

And ſet not your heart too much upon tranſportable things.

Amp. Ha!

Tre. The Dog is gone, ſir.

Amp. How!

Tre. Stolne from Schoole, ſir; and ſold to a great Monſieur,

And Shipt away foure daies ago.

Amp. O my heart will break.

Ja.

Ja. Do not faint Knight; Cheare up your heart with your Muſe.

Amp. My veine is yet too dul; But I will offer at it.
Three Loſſes I have had; gone, paſt all help.
My Mare, my Miſtreſſe, And (which grieves me moſt of all) my whelp.

Ia. That line is long enough to reach him.

Amp. I would it were elſe. ——o——

Bum. Od's pity. Look you, ſir, your Son-in-Law, that ſhould ha' been, is in much paſſion too. But you'll be rul'd by me, you ſay. And if I lead you not to comfort, never truſt Neigbours counſell while you live. Is not this plain enough? My own caſe at this time is as dangerous as yours.

Ver. That's all that comforts me.

Bum. Neighbourly ſaid. I thank you. Come, Sir, will you joyn with your Father-in Law that ſhould ha' been, and me in a Cup of VVine to order a deſigne.

Tre. There's a reckoning towards.

Bum. It ſhall coſt you nothing.

Am. To the next Tavern then. Ladies adieu.
To part with ſuch as you to ſome are croſſes.
Yet Ile not put you down among my Loſſes. *Exeunt.*

Mag. Daughter while they are gone, let us fall on our project.

Ja: For Courtly carriage and behaviour.

Mag. I long to ſee this French young ſchoolmiſtreſs.
The *Damaſin* do you call her?

Ja. The *Damoiſelle*, Ile wait on you. —— *Exit.*

ACT. IIII. *Scene* I.

A Rabble of rude Fellowes pulling in Wat *after them,* Valentine, Oliver, Ambroſe, Phillis.

Wat. YOU Rogues, Slaves, Villaines, will you murther me?

Rab. To the Pump with him: To the Pump, to the Pump.

Val. Prithee beat off the Curs.

Rab. No, to the Thames, the Thames.

Phil. Why do you uſe the man ſo? Is he not a Chriſtian
Or is he not Chriſten'd enough think you, that you would dip him?

Ol. Pray Gentlemen forbeare: It is thought fit,
Upon requeſt made by a Noble Friend,
Favouring his Perſon, not his quality;
That for this time the Pandar be diſmis'd.
So all depart in peace.

Enter Rabble.

Rab. Away, away, lets go then.

1. A Noble Friend! Pox of his Noble Friendſhip. He has ſpoyl'd our ſport. O! how we would a ſous'd him?

Ol. Now, Mr. *Hackney-man,* if you have ſo much grace,
Render due thanks.

Wat.

Wat. I thank you Gentlemen.

Phil. I thank you for him too.

Ol. On both your Knees; unleſs you hold it better
To kneele yet to the Pump: which you had done,
My moſt officious Pimp, had not his pity
Prevayl'd againſt our Juſtice.

Val. So, ariſe; enough, enough.

Amb. Troth tis a ſhame he ſhould get off ſo eaſily;
Let him be yet but duck'd, or ſhew'd the way
Over the Garden Wall into the Thames.

Val. Good *Ambroſe*, be not ſo ſevere; who knowes
What need we may of him? We are all
Fleſh and blood *Ambroſe*.

Phil. Thou art a Wag I warrant thee.

Amb. Are not you married?

Val. Maſs, twas ſo late, I had almoſt forgotten it.

Amb. No, tis ſo late you ha' not yet forgot
Some Office he has done you in his way.

Ol. Didſt ever pimp for him? Proteſt by what thou
fear'ſt moſt.

Wat. No, as I hope to eſcape this Gentlemans fury.

Amb. Go, get the hence, infufferable Villaine.
I could een kick thee into twenty peeces, [*He kicks*
And ſend thee to thy Maſter, for my ſtake *Wat.*]
Soon, at his Rifling.
Think whilſt thou liv'ſt what tis to be a Pandar. --
A Pandar, -- Pandar -- there's for your remembrance.
[*He kicks him*]

Val. Enough. *Amb.* This touch, & I have done ——:

Val. Away

Phil. Pray let him go, Ile ſchoole him for it. [*Exeunt* Wat Phillis.]

Val. This may work good upon the Raſcall, if he
Have but humanity, although no grace.

Ol. We have diſcovered the great Rifling *Val.*

We know the Jewell now; the rich Comodity.

Val. And think you have done wondrous wiſely; do you not?

To ſneak before me thither. I know all
You have diſcover'd; and how far you are
Miſtaken in the old man and his Daughter.
All ſhall be plaine to you ſoon. Walk off a little.

Ol. We'll leave you till anon we meet at the Ordinary. [*Exit.* Ol. Amb.]

Enter Vermine —— Amphilus Bumpſey.

Amp. I proteſt, Gentlemen, I have not drown'd ſorrow
With ſo much merry-go-down, theſe three halfe years.

Bump. As with your part of three halfe pintes of Sack.
We had no more amongſt us.

Amp. How much was that a peece think you?

Ver. It was enough to ſhew his Prodigality.
In over-waſtfull Coſt. You were not wont
To be a Boordſend-King; a pay-all in a Tavern.

Bum. But now I love to do theſe things.

Amp. Now if you could be drawn to the ducking-Pond,
To joyn your Groat ſometimes with me; or two-pence,
There were a Recreation indeed:
That Peerleſſe Princely ſport, that undoes no man:
Though cheating there; and rooking be as free
As there is ſquare play at the Ordinaries.

Bum. Well the point is: My ſwaggering Son-in-Law,
Appointed to be here among the Trees.
My Daughter told me ſo. Walk here-about.
If he can give light of your light, hee'd chide.

Well

Well try what may be done. Ile but ſtep up
Into *Ram-Alley-Sanctuary*, to *Debtor*,
That praies and watches there for a Protection;
And preſently return to you. —— *Exit.*

Amp. Let it be ſo; 'ſlid the old angry man!

Enter Brookeall.

He'll croſs us if he ſee us walke this way. [*Exit* Amp. Vermine.]

Broo. Theſe walks afford to miſerable man,
Undone by Suits, leave, yet, to ſit, or go,
Though in a ragged one; and look upon
The Giants, that over-threw him: Though they ſtrut [*Lawyers and others paſs over the Stage.*]
And are ſwolne bigger by his emptineſs.
Twas here, that we appointed, further meeting.
The two houres reſpited are almoſt run:
And he engag'd his honour in ſuch tearmes,
As I preſume he'll come. Honour! From whence
Can he derive that Princely attribute,
VVhoſe Father has deſcended to a Villany?
His houſe was Noble though: and this young man
Had a right virtuous Mother, whom I lov'd,
Intirely lov'd: and was in Competition
For marriage with her; when high Providence
Allotted her to him; who ſince her Death,
Defam'd my Siſter, and diſgrac'd our houſe.
My quarrell is not good againſt his Son
For that: But for my Boy! His doubtfull talk
Of him diſtracts me.

Enter Vermine, *and* Amphilus.

See the *Vermine*,
That hath devoured me living, His Aſpect
Addes to my Paſſion ſuch a bitterneſs,
That turnes me all to gall. I muſt avoid him, *Exit.*
Amb. Introth Father-in-Law that ſhould ha' been, or that
May be yet (come, who knowes what luck we may have,
Though the dancing Planets have cut croſs Capers over
Out heads.) I like this old fellows humour of chearing up
The heart well! And would I were loſt too, after my Mare,
My Dog and your Daughter: If this warm Sack has not
Kindled a deſire in me to play the good fellow, ſo it might
Be of free coſt, to drown theſe dry remembrances.

Enter Valentine.

See, one of the jeerers. Is this he, that ſtole the marriage?
Ver. Yes, and perhaps my Daughter too. His Father's gone
Now, and I know not how to queſtion him.
Amp. Let me alone to queſtion him. Did you ſee this Gentleman's
Daughter, ſir, my Wife, that ſhould have been?
Val. Since when, ſir.
Amp. Since ſhe was ſtolne away, ſir. It were good
You would let us have her again; and quickly too,
Ere ſhe be worſe for wearing, as we ſay.

Val.

Val. Old *Brookall* is not come yet.
Amp. VVill you anſwer me?
Val. You are a buſy foole.
Amp. I am ſatisfied. He knowes nothing.
Val. You lye, Sir.
Amp. I think I do. You know nothing of her I mean, Sir.
Val. You lye again, Sir.
Amp. I think I do again, Sir. Pray be not ſo terrible; Examine him your ſelfe, if it pleaſe you.

Enter Brookall.

Broo. VVere his eyes Baſiliskes; or did he beare
Upon his helliſh Countenance the faces
Of all the Furies (that no doubt attend him)
Ile ſhun no place for him. Are they acquainted?
O moſt prodigious!
Ver. VVhat do you know, Sir, of my Daughter, I beſeech you?
Val. That ſhe has a wretch, a miſerable Caitiff
Unto her Father.
Broo. How is that? —— [*aſide.*]
Val. A villain that has ſcrap'd up by oppreſſion
Law-ſtrife and Perjury, a Dowry for her,
So mixt with curſes, that it would conſume
An Earles Eſtate to match with it and her.
And leave him curs'd in his Poſterity.
Amp. How bleſt was I to miſs her!
Broo. Can he ſpeak thus to him? [*aſide.*]
Ver. Dar'ſt thou confront me thus?
Val Dar'ſt thou yet keep a Groat of thine extorted Wealth,
And ſeeſt what Judgments fall one thee already?
Can all thy Gold redeem thy good opinion,

To

ACT. IIII. Scene I.

A Rabble of rude Fellowes pulling in Wat *after them,* Valentine, Oliver, Ambroſe, Phillis.

Wat. YOU Rogues, Slaves, Villaines, will you murther me?

Rab. To the Pump with him: To the Pump, to the Pump.

Val. Prithee beat off the Curs.

Rab. No, to the Thames, the Thames.

Phil. Why do you uſe the man ſo? Is he not a Chriſtian
Or is he not Chriſten'd enough think you, that you would dip him?

Ol. Pray Gentlemen forbeare: It is thought fit,
Upon requeſt made by a Noble Friend,
Favouring his Perſon, not his quality;
That for this time the Pandar be diſmis'd.
So all depart in peace.

Enter Rabble.

Rab. Away, away, lets go then.

1. A Noble Friend! Pox of his Noble Friendſhip. He has ſpoyl'd our ſport. O! how we would a ſous'd him?

Ol. Now, Mr. *Hackney-man,* if you have ſo much grace,
Render due thanks.

Wat.

Wat. I thank you Gentlemen.

Phil. I thank you for him too.

Ol. On both your Knees; unleſs you hold it better
To kneele yet to the Pump: which you had done,
My moſt officious Pimp, had not his pity
Prevayl'd againſt our Juſtice.

Val. So, ariſe; enough, enough.

Amb. Troth tis a ſhame he ſhould get off ſo eaſily;
Let him be yet but duck'd, or ſhew'd the way
Over the Garden Wall into the Thames.

Val. Good *Ambroſe*, be not ſo ſevere; who knowes
What need we may of him? We are all
Fleſh and blood *Ambroſe*.

Phil. Thou art a Wag I warrant thee.

Amb. Are not you married?

Val. Maſs, twas ſo late, I had almoſt forgotten it.

Amb. No, tis ſo late you ha' not yet forgot
Some Office he has done you in his way.

Ol. Didſt ever pimp for him? Proteſt by what thou
fear'ſt moſt.

Wat. No, as I hope to eſcape this Gentlemans fury.

Amb. Go, get the hence, infufferable Villaine.
I could een kick thee into twenty peeces, [*He kicks*
And ſend thee to thy Maſter, for my ſtake *Wat.*]
Soon, at his Rifling.
Think whilſt thou liv'ſt what tis to be a Pandar. --
A Pandar, -- Pandar -- there's for your remembrance.
[*He kicks him*]

Val. Enough. *Amb.* This touch, & I have done ——:

Val. Away

Phil. Pray let him go, Ile ſchoole him for it. [*Exeunt* Wat Phillis.]

Val. This may work good upon the Raſcall, if he
Have but humanity, although no grace.

Ol. We have diſcovered the great Rifling *Val.*

We know the Jewell now; the rich Comodity.

Val. And think you have done wondrous wiſely; do you not?

To ſneak before me thither. I know all
You have diſcover'd; and how far you are
Miſtaken in the old man and his Daughter.
All ſhall be plaine to you ſoon. Walk off a little.

Ol. We'll leave you till anon we meet at the Ordinary. [*Exit.* Ol. Amb.]

Enter Vermine —— Amphilus Bumpſey.

Amp. I proteſt, Gentlemen, I have not drown'd ſorrow
With ſo much merry-go-down, theſe three halfe years.

Bump. As with your part of three halfe pintes of Sack.
We had no more amongſt us.

Amp. How much was that a peece think you?

Ver. It was enough to ſhew his Prodigality.
In over-waſtfull Coſt. You were not wont
To be a Boordſend-King; a pay-all in a Tavern.

Bum. But now I love to do theſe things.

Amp. Now if you could be drawn to the ducking-Pond,
To joyn your Groat ſometimes with me; or two-pence,
There were a Recreation indeed:
That Peerleſſe Princely ſport, that undoes no man:
Though cheating there; and rooking be as free
As there is ſquare play at the Ordinaries.

Bum. Well the point is: My ſwaggering Son-in-Law,
Appointed to be here among the Trees.
My Daughter told me ſo. Walk here-about.
If he can give light of your light, hee'd chide.

Well

Well try what may be done. Ile but ſtep up
Into *Ram-Alley-Sanctuary*, to *Debtor*,
That praies and watches there for a Protection;
And preſently return to you. —— *Exit.*

Amp. Let it be ſo; 'ſlid the old angry man!

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He'll croſs us if he ſee us walke this way. [*Exit* Amp. Vermine.]

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The heart well! And would I were loſt too, after my Mare,
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Of all the Furies (that no doubt attend him)
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Unto her Father.
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So mixt with curſes, that it would conſume
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And leave him curs'd in his Poſterity.
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Broo. Can he ſpeak thus to him? [*aſide.*]
Ver. Dar'ſt thou confront me thus?
Val. Dar'ſt thou yet keep a Groat of thine extorted Wealth,
And ſeeſt what Judgments fall one thee already?
Can all thy Gold redeem thy good opinion,

To

To thine owne Son? And though thou wouldſt, no give
(In caſe he wanted it) to ſave his life,
A Hangmans Fee, much leſſe a Judges thanks,
Or price of a Lords Letter to reprieve him;
Yet may this Son ſurvive thee; and hourely he
Unto thy laſt houre, thine Affliction be.
Amp. O happy condition of a Batchelor!
Broo. I like this well in the young man: — [*aſide.*]
Ver. How can you ſay you know this?
Val. Prethee how can't be otherwiſe?
Hadſt thou a vertuous Childe (as here and there,
Some Mothers win a ſoule) it would be taken
Dead or alive from thee, unto thy greife too,
To ſcape the curſe might come with a Childs part
Of thine ill-got eſtate: that's thy Daughters caſe.
Ver. Oh ——
Brro. Brave young fellow!
Val. But ſhew me where an evill Off-ſpring has not
Surviv'd to ſpurn the duſt of ſuch a Father;
And lewdly waſt in one or two deſcents
(Unto their own deſtruction) what was purchaſed
At price of ſoules departed?
Ver. Will you vouchſafe to leave me?
Amp. Pretty odd Doctrine, this!
Val. I have not done w'yee yet.
What corrupt Lawyer, or uſurious Citizen,
Oppreſſing Landlord, or unrighteous Judge,
But leaves the World with horror? and their wealth,
(By rapine forc'd from the oppreſſed Poor)
To Heires, that (having turnd their Sires to th' Devil)
Turne Idiots, Lunaticks, Prodigals, or Strumpets?
All wanting either wit, or will, to ſave
Their fatall Portions from the Gulfe of Law.
Pride, Ryot, Surfets, Dice, and Luxury,

Till Beggary, or diſeaſes turnes them after?
Ver. Ha you done yet?
Val. A word or two for uſe; and ſo an end.
Broo. Not ſo: It muſt be amplified a little further.
Ver. Torment and death! Is he come? Let me go;
Amp. Nay pray Sir heare them; though you profit not;
I may perhaps. Methinks it edifies.
Broo. You ſayd, and you ſayd well; His tainted wealth,
Got by corruption, kept by niggardiſe,
Muſt flye as ill, through Luxury and Riot:
I add, that they who get it ſo, ſhall leave it,
To run at the like waſte, through their ſucceſſion
Even to the Worlds end: tis not one age,
Though ſpent in prayers, can expiate the wrong
Such an eſtate was gotten by, though the eſtate
Be, to a doyt, ſpent with it: But it ſhall
Fly like a fatall ſcourge, through hand to hand;
Through Age to Age, frighted by Orphans crys,
And Widows tears; the groanes and Lamentations,
Of oppreſſed Priſoners, mingled with the curſes
Of hunger-bitten Labourers, whoſe very ſweat
Thou robſt them of: this charming noiſe is up
Of many ſad, ſome mad afflicted wretches,
Whoſe marrow thou haſt ſuck'd; and from whoſe bowels,
The nouriſhment was cruſhd that fed thee, and
That ravenous Wolfe, thy conſcience.
Ver. I ſhall trounce you.

Enter Bumpſey.

Bum. What's here? Worrying of *Vermine*?
Broo. This noyſe, I ſay, of hideous cryes and curſes,
That

That follows thine eſtate, will not be layd
In thy deare life time; nor in theirs, the ſtrangers,
That muſt be curs'd with the diviſion
Of it, when thou art gone: But, ſtill, it ſhall
Purſue, to all ſucceeding times, all thoſe,
That entertaine leaſt parcels of thy money,
When they ſhall finde at beſt, it can but buy
Diſgrace, diſeaſes, overthrows at Law,
And ſuch deare puniſhments; untill, at laſt,
All hands, affrighted with the touch of it,
Shall let it fall to earth; where it ſhall ſinke
And run into a veyne of Ore, ſhall reach -------
To Hell. And they, that ſhall, hereafter, dig it,
Hundreds of Ages hence, muſt all compound
With the grand Lord o'th Soyle, the Devill, for't.
Amp. So they make hot Purchaſes!
Broo. Now Sir, you may inſtruct the Uſurer, to make uſe
Of all he has heard, while I avoyd his ſight;
Heaven knows I am ſick on't: you forget me Sir.
Val. Feare not: I will not fayle you.
Bum. No: Ile deliver him the uſe of all.
Ver. Oh the variety of my vexation ------
Bum. And all is this (as I advis'd before.)
Spend all your ſelfe, and ſave your Heires the ſin;
The ſhame, the ſorrows, and the puniſhments,
That are joynt-heritable with your wealth:
As very learnedly hath been related.
And there's the point, and the whole ſubſtance on't.
Ver. Beſtow your Subſtance ſo Sir, if you like it.
Bump. Sir, my condition runs another way.
To the ſame end perhaps; following my Leader, here.
Amp. Your Son in Law? Truſt me, a moſt fine man:
And, if his life be anſwerable to his Doctrine,
Tis like heele lead you to a faire end of all.

Doubtleſſe

Doubtleſſe he is a fine young Man indeed.
A proper teacher and an edifying.
Bump. Come Sir, lead on, I heare you are provided
Five hundred thick for this free nights adventure.
Val. I am Sir, here it is.
Bump. I am ſo too Sir.
And here it is: And here it is, and here and there, and here it is.
Amp. O brave old man.
Bump. Ile make one w'ye at your new Ordinary,
They ſay tis excellent.
Val. For rarity and plenty,
There's no ſuch Penſion in all this City.
Amp. And all for nothing?
Val. For leſſe then kiſſe your Hoſteſſe.
Amp. And is there delicate Wine too? I muſt thither.
Val. The flowre of *France*, and quinteſſence of *Spaine*
Flow like a Spring-tyde through the Houſe.
Amp. O rare!
And all for nothing?
Bump. Hang nothing. Be it as twill,
I am for any thing; and as well provided,
As you, or any the beſt Gameſter there.
Ver. Sir.
Bum. I love to do theſe things. But firſt, pray tel me
Can you tell tale or tydings of his Daughter here?
Val. Not of his Daughter: But I heard his Son
Was freed, this day, from Priſon.
Ver. How, how, how?

Enter Brookall, Phillis:

Bro. Yonder he is, ſtill, buſie.
Phil. Ile among 'em. Walke you back a little,
And, get I any money, Ile lend thee ſome.

Val.

Val. Ile tell you how. Some freind has paid his debt,
The Action is diſchargd; and he's releas d.
Ver. You practiſe my abuſe. Tis not in man,
To do me ſuch a miſcheiſe.
Amp. Away Girle.
Phil. Thou art as hard, as this dry cruſt, here, was.
But he is better minded now, I hope:
Now, old man I am ſure thou art for me,
Thou curſedſt me before, but now thou wilt
Bleſſe me, I hope, and not without a Croſſe
Of a faire Silver Sixpence.
Ver. Hence you Harlot.
Phil. Nay look you, if I could afford it, thinke you
I'de make two words w'ye: tis but a ſixpenny matter
Between us; why will you be ſo hard: tis but
So little leſſe left among all thy Children;
And Ile bate it them in their prayers for thee,
Though I be at the trouble, my ſelfe, to do it.
Val. Troth, ſhe begs prettily. I muſt give her ſomething.
Here Wench.
Bum. What is it, I will ſee it.
Phil. Tis a good Shilling, and a vie; will you ſee't Sir?
Bam. Look you, tis cover'd.
Phil Gentlemen, will you come in? will you vie it?
Amp. No we deny it.
Phil. You may revye it then, if you pleaſe. They come not in to binde it.
Val. Will you come in againe Sir?
Bum Sir, after you, and't be to my laſt ſixpence. I will keep Covenant w'ye.
Val. A ſhilling more on that.
Bum. Done Sir: there tis.
Phil. Why, theſe are Lads of bounty! Have you any minde yet Gentlemen?

Ver.

Ver. What, to be Bankrupts?
Phil. Troth, thou wouldſt feare as much, ſhouldſt thou but break
Thy Porredge Pipkin.
Val. Prithee what's thy name?
Phil. *Nell*, my Mother calls me. J nere knew Sire, nor Godſire.
Val. *Nell?*
Phil. Yes: And tis as bonny a Beggars name, as ever came from beyond *Trent*.
Val. This Girle, methinks, howere neceſſitated
Into this courſe, declares ſhe has a ſpirit
Of no groſſe ayre: And J dare think her Blood,
Although, perhaps, of ſome unlawfull mixture,
Deriv'd from Noble veines. One may perceive
Much in her Language, in her Looks, and Geſture,
That pleads, methinks, a duty above pitty,
To take her from this way, wherein ſhe wanders
So farr from the intent of her Creation.
Bump. Your meaning is, you would buy her out of her Calling.
Is it not ſo?
Val. Ten Peices J would give
Towards a new one for her.
Bump. Here's ten more
To bind you quite from begging. Can you afford it?
If yes, accept it. And let's ſee your back.
Phil. J make no Curtſies, nor ſend thanks that way.
No, Ile be forwards in them. May my thanks and prayers
Multiply years and bleſſings on your heads.
And when J beg againe, may Beadles take
Advantage on my back, and laſh the skin off,
So Heaven be ever with you ------
Val. Stay. Who would not have given this Money? Gentlemen,

Doſt

Dost not move you to give a packing penny?

Phil. Nor move you them for me. I should, now, feare
One of their ill-got pence, here mingled, would
Corrupt and overthrow my righteous Fortune.

Exit Phil.

Amp. O villanous Vixen.

Ver. Each minute of this day augments my torment,
Yet I have coold it with some patience;
Attending Sir your answer.

Val. For your son.

Ver. I have no Son. I aske you for my Daughter.

Val. Be this your pennance for your misbeleife,
Hye you to the Compter: if you finde not there
Your son; meet me an hour hence at my Fathers,
Ile tell you news of him; and he perhaps
May tell you of his Sister. This deserves
A fee. Your absence pays it me. Go quickly,
We have some businesse: And your stay will but
Make the Scene tedious.

Ver. Weel go. Wil't please you?

Amp. Yes: we will off in Rhime. There is no doubt,
If *Watson* be not in the Compter, he is out.

Exit Ver. Amp.

Bump. Now, what's the next vagary?

Val. Onely this Sir,
You have playd at small Game with me. Now there is
A greater tryall of my Love and Bounty,
Instantly to be made. A Gentleman,
(I stay too long) an intimate Freind's arrested,
But for two hundred pound on execution:
Will you joyne Charity to fetch him off?

Bump. I would 't had been thine owne case two dayes since.
One of your fine Companions, some poor Shark?

Ha,

Ha, iſt not ſo?

Val. Will you be pleasd to ſee him?

Bump. I am halfe ſick of this Condition!
I do begin, not altogether, now,
To love theſe things ſo well methinks. Humh ha!

Val. Nay, if you go not chearfully ------

Bump. Yes: I go. *Exeunt ambo.*

ACT. IV. *Scene* II.

Brookall, Phillis.

Broo. GOod Childe, thy tale is pittifull; yet it ſorts
So with the fell condition of my Fortune,
That I crave more of it.

Phil. I came not to
Diſcourſe of ſorrow, but to bring you comfort:
VVill you yet have a Crowne?

Broo. I prithee keep
Thy Money Child; and forwards with thy ſtory.
Thou ſaydſt thy Mother was a Gentlewoman.

Phil. Ile give you reaſon. Since I can remember,
Shee never did a wrong, though ſuffered much;
Nor the leaſt unjuſt thing: No, though her poverty
And care of me have pinch'd her very bowels,
Shee knew not how to ſeek anothers good,
So much as by requeſt. Shee never durſt borrow,
For feare to come ſo neer the danger of
A promiſe-breach: And, for baſe ends, to lye
Shee holds it ſacriledge. Ifaith ſhe jerk'd
That humour out of me; for I was given
(I tell you as a Freind) a little to't.

It came ſure by the Father. God forgive him.

Broo. Thou ſaydſt, thou thoughtſt, thy Father was a Knight.
How thinkſt thou he could lye then, to abuſe
A Virgine of that goodneſſe, as it ſeemes
Shee, that by him became thy Mother, was.

Phil. The Devill, ſure, was powerfull with him, then.
Nor do you hear me ſay, all Gentlefolkes
Are of one mince. Alaſſe they could not live
One by another then.

Broo. Peace, ſtay a little:
How came thy Mother to decline her ſpirit
So low, as thus to ſuffer thee to beg?

Phil. Vertue goes often wet-ſhod, and is faine
To coble it ſelfe up to hold out water
And cold neceſſity: But ſure, the quality
Came to me by the Fathers ſide too: For
Tis a more commendable, and Courtly practiſe
To beg, then ſteale. He was perhaps, a Courtier.
I rather would be rob'd of all I have,
Then ſteale one farthing.

Broo. Thou ſay'ſt thy Mother never would reveale
To thee, or any one, her Birth, or Fortune.
Anſwer me, prethee, how doſt thou collect
Th' hadſt ſuch a Father? Or that he has thus
Wrong'd thy poore Mother, by not marrying her?

Phil. Now you come to me indeed old man: How now,
What do you weep?

Broo. The ſharpneſs of the Aire
Strikes on mine eyes a little. Prethee ſay.

Phil. I firſt, as fain would know the hidden cauſe
That works this aptneſs in me, to diſcover
My Mother and my ſelfe to you. I know not
How to look off o'you. Iaith you weep.

I have

I have heard ſome talk of naturall inſtinct;
But know not what it is. Pray can you tell me?
Or any like reaſon, why I ſhould
Thus doat, and hang about you? Or tell me this,
Have you not been of better Fortune? Are not you
Some decayed Knight? Be not aſham'd, but tell me.
They cannot all be rich, there are ſo many.

Broo. Oh my heart!

Phil. Yea, are your Conſcience ſtruck?
Have at you for a father then: And yet
Me-thinks you are more old in goodneſs, then
To be, ſo late, ſo wicked; as to wrong
A woman of her ſweetneſs. Yet Ile try you.
Here is a long-kept Paper. This is all
That ere I gathered of my Mothers wrong,
And of my Fathers cruelty, and condition.
It ſeemes this was his hand, and ruthfull farewell,
He turn'd her off withall. See, if you know it.
More then a thouſand times I have obſerv'd her
Weep o're that Paper; ever carefull, though,
Her teares might not deface it. If by chance,
As when thoſe teares prevented had her ſight,
Some ſoft ones did on that hard Sentence light,
Her Lips took off the Treſpaſs of her Eye;
And her hot Sighes reſtor'd the Paper dry.

Broo. This comes ſo neer a Miracle; that my faith
I feare is ſtaggering. How got'ſt, thou this paper?

Phil. I ſtole it from my Mother, (and in Troth
Tis all that ere I ſtole) becauſe ſhe ſhould not
Weep out her eyes upon't. I do not love,
Although I am a beggar, to lead blind folks.
Do you not find there, that he is a Knight,
Though he ſubſcribes no name? He tells her there,
And tauntingly, he knowess ſhe is more ſorry
For the loſt Ladyſhip he promis'd her,

Then for her Maiden-head. Let me heare you read it.

Broo. Mine eyes, are now, too full indeed; I cannot.

Phil. Are you the man then, whom I muſt ask bleſſing?
If you bee, ſpeak. Ile have you to my Mother,
Though, I dare ſweare, ſhe had rather dye, then you,
Or any of your Race, or hers, ſhould ſee her,
Whilſt ſhe has breath. Yet I will undertake
To prattle you both good friends.
And you ſhall have my *Mammy*,
And ſhe ſhall have her *Nell* (that's J.)
The man ſhall have his Mare againe,
And all ſhall be well. How do you?

Broo. Prethee forbeare me good wench but a little.

Enter Valentine.

Val. I have kept my time you ſee; and ſhall not faile
In any Circumſtance. Here are two Swords,
Pray take your choice. I have beſpoke a Boat
Shall land us o're the water, where you pleaſe;
Though, I Proteſt, I yet would beg your Love,
Next to my Naturall Fathers.

Broo. This I fear'd.
And charg'd the plain way. But't ſhall not ſerve.

Val. You took my part of late, againſt old *Vermin*

Broo. Prethee who would not? This is another caſe

Val. Why, if there be no remedy, pray accept
Your forty pounds. The money, Sir, may ſtead you
For your eſcape, when you have ta'ne my Life.

Broo. Your money 'would hang me, Sir. Your life's not worth it.

Val. Tis your own money; ſent you by your Son.

Broo. How know I that? Or that I have a Son
By thee unmurther'd.

Val.

Val. I told you of a Letter I had miſlaid:
Look you. Do you know his hand?
Broo. If it be not,
Much chang'd, and lately, here is that wil match.
Val. Was ever given Gold ſo weigh'd, and try'd?
What Lawyer, Nay, what Judge would be ſo ſcrupulous?
No want corrupts good Conſcience: Nor exceſs
Allaies in bad, the thirſt of Cov'touſneſs.
Phil. What do you think, Sir?
Val. I think you beg again, and would be whipt.
Phil. I fecks, I do not beg; but came to offer
This griev'd old man ſome of my infinite fortune
Found in your lucky money: Lucky indeed;
For I have found a Father by't. I vow
I think my Father. I'ſt not a fine old man?
I ſhall know more anon.
Val. Her money, ſure,
Has made her Mad: How do you finde it, Sir?
Broo. My wonder now, is, how thou canſt be Son
Of ſuch a Father! Thou art honeſt ſure.
Here is your Sword, I will accept the money.
Val. Then I ſhall live, and ſo may want the money.
Will you forbeare it for a day or two?
Broo. Your Sword again.
Now, I profeſs to you, I have preſent need on't,
And am as ſtrict, Sir, for my right, as *I*
Before was to decline it.
Val. Pray, Sir, take it;
And give me leave to beg your charitable
Conſtruction of my Father.
Broo. How is that?
Val. Did you but know the care, the coſt, and travell
He has been at a thouſand waies, to finde

Your

Your injur'd Siſter, to make good his fault,
If poſſibly he might ——

Broo. O fie, O fie!

Val. Till all Opinion gave her dead; and then
The meanes he has ſought to do you Offices
Againſt your knowledge. For he knew your Spirit
Would not except of his benevolence. ——

Broo. Read that, and gueſſe whoſe deed 'tis. Stand off Girle.

Phil. Yes forſooth Father, I ſhall learn in time,
Ile call him Father till he findes me another.
I know he could not ſhed thoſe teares for nothing.

Val. But does ſhe live, to whom this was directed?

Broo. Speak low: is that your Fathers hand?

Val. It is.

Broo. Along with me then. Girle, lead you the way.

Phil. Anan forſooth Father.

Broo. Shew us to your Mother.

Phil. Shall he go too? What will the Neighbours think?
There's none but Beggars all about us. Ods ſo,
There'll be a ſhow indeed.

Val, No matter. Will you go?

Phil. Sir, they will hale you to peeces.

Val. Will you deny me?

Phil. How ſhall I anſwer't to my Mother? She
Never ſaw man, nor has been ſeen by man,
That I know, in my life.

Val. No matter: Will you on?

Broo. Ile ſave thee blameleſſe.

Phil. Troth Ile venter. —— *Exeunt Oes.*

ACT.

ACT. V. Scene I.

Frances, Magdalen, Jane, Alice.

Wine on a Table.

Fra. *TRes bien venue Madames.*
You are very welcome.

Mag. Good lack! And is it you, Mrs. *Alice*? Iſt poſſible? Are you come to learn Carriage too? I will make bold with tother Glaſſe of Wine. At a word, I like your French Carriage the better, that it allowes elder Women to drink VVine.

Ali. They have no other drink, except water. And Maids are allowed but that.

Ja. And young wives (they ſay) wine with their water.

Mag. Mingle your Glaſſe, then, Daughter. This for me. Your father has ſo fought you Mrs. *Alice*.

Ja. My Father has miſt us too, by this time.

Mag. But neither of 'em can dream French enough, to direct 'em hither, I warrant you. And does ſhe learn the Carriages very well, *Madamſilly*?

Fra. *Madamoyſelle, ſi vous plaiſt.*

Mag. What do yee cal't? I ſhall never hit it. 'How do you finde your Schollar?

Fra. O, ſhe is very good. She learn very well.

Mag. But how much carriage hath ſhe learnt? Heark

you Mrs. *Alice*. Have you not learnt to carry a man? Has not a good Husband ſtolne you hither?

I can think waggishly I tell you: And an old Ape has an old eye. Go to.

Ali. No ſuch matter, Mrs. *Bumpſey*.

Fra. VVhat is that you ſay?

Mag. I ask you how much carriage she has learnt?

Fra. She come but dis day; And she carry both the hands already.

Mag. How ſay by that. I'ſt poſſible? Can she carry both her hands in one day?

Fra. Yes, and before to morrow, she shall carry the foot as well.

Mag. It ſeems, then, you teach handling before footing in your French way.

Fra. You may learn dat of de leetle Shild. De leetle Shild you ſee will handle de ting, before it can ſet one foot to de ground. Come, let me ſee you make a Reverance.

Mag. Reverance! VVhat's that?

Fra. Tis dat you call a Curtſie. Let me ſee you make Curtſie.

Mag. Look you heare then.

Fra. O fee, fee -- dat is de groſs english Douck, for de ſwagbuttock'd-wife of de Peſant.

Mag. How like you this then? There's a Reverence I warrant you.

Fra. Fee, dat is worſe. See how you carry de hands like de *Comedien* dat act de shangling.

Mag. Shall I ever hit on't troe? I muſt take tother Glaſs.

Ali. Take heed she does not take too much.

Fra. I hope she will not. But there's no croſſing her.

Fra. Let me ſee your hands.

Mag.

Mag. There they bee. They have been a little too familiar with Sea-coale fires, and much other courſe houſwifry, which I ſhall utterly abhor, and waſh off, when I have learnt to carry them Courtly.

But ſhall I ever do it, think you?

Fra. Yes, yes, and all your other parts and members.

Mag. I may winne my Husband to love mee Courtly then.

Fra. To love, and lye with you Courtly.

Mag. That's but ſeldome, I doubt.

Fra. You ſhall know all de waies to winne his Love,
Or any mans, to multiply your honour. ——

Mag. I will ſo multiply then.

Fra. Not onely in your looks, your ſmiles and ſweet Careſſes·
(Beſides the help of Painting) that adorn
The face; But with the motion of each Lineament,
Of the whole frame of your wel order'd body.
An Eye, a Lip, a finger ſhall not move;
A Toe trip unregarded. But your Geat
And your whole gracefull Preſence ſhall attract,
(Beyond affection) admiration:
As Ile artifice you.

Mag. Ile be a Nimph. *Diana* and her Dearlings, deare, deare, deare, *&c.* [*ſing.*]

But may I paint, ſay you?

Fra. O moſt allowably; nay, commendably.

Mag. Tother Glaſs for that.

Fra. Then for the Art of dreſſing, ſetting forth
Head, Face, Neck, Breaſt,; with which I will inſpire you.
To cover, or diſcover any part ——
Unto de beſt advantage.

Mag. That is to ſay,
To hide ſhame, or ſhew all: that's her meaning.
Fra. You ſhall have no defect perceiv'd, no grace conceal'd.
Mag. I am for the naked Neck and Shoulders, then.
For (I tell you Miſtreſs) I have a white Skin,
And a round ſtreight Neck: ſmooth and plump Shoulders;
Free from French Flea-bits, and never a wrinckle
Neare'em, though I ſay't.
Fra. 'Thas been ſuggeſted by invective men,
Women, to juſtifie themſelves that way,
Began that Fashion. As one tother ſide,
The fashion of mens Brow-locks was perhaps
Devis'd out of neceſſity, to hide
All il-grac'd forehead; Or beſprinckled with
The outward Symptomes of ſome inward griefe.
As, formerly the Saffron-ſteeped Linnen,
By ſome great man found uſefull againſt Vermine,
Was ta'ne up for a fashionable wearing.
Some Lord that was no Niggard of his Beauty,
Might bring up narrow brims to publish it.
Another, to obſcure his, or perhaps
To hide defects thereof, might bring up broad ones.
As queſtionleſs, the ſtreight, neat timber'd Leg,
Firſt wore the Troncks, and long Silk-hoſe: As likely
The Baker-knees, or ſome ſtrange shamble shanks,
Begat the Ancle-breeches.
Mag. Sure the men
Took that conceit from us. What woman shewes
A Leg, that's not a good one? —— [*She ſhewes a ſwadled leg.*]
Fra. Theſe among men, are followed for the fashions,
That were invented for the better grace.
(As our Attires) to ſet off Limb, or face.

Mag.

Mag. Good lack! What knowledge comes from forraigne parts?

Enter Dryground, VVat.

Dry. I prethee *Wat*, have patience for an houre.
Wat. Not for a minute, Sir, Ile not be kick'd,
And call'd baſe Pandar for your baſeneſs.
Dry. Nay, look you *Wat*.
Wat. And had almoſt been pump'd,
And made a ſport for Water-men i'th' Thames.
Dry. But Heare me, *Wat*.
Wat. Ile heare my Father ſooner. (Give me hence
My Siſter) were he a ravenous Beaſt, a Wolfe,
I would obey him rather then trudge a foot
Further in your baſe way. Heart I am hip-ſhot.
Dry. Now, would his Bodies paines convert his Soule,
Twere a good work.
Wat. I am in deſperate feare
O'th' Mourning of the Chine too with the kicks,
And hunches they o're-laid me with. O baſe!
Without reſiſtance. Give me hence my Siſter.
Dry. But how was it my fault?
Wat. Was't not your project?
Ja. What may this mean?
Ali. No harm I warrant you.
Wat. Nay, it ſhall out. Your baſe inhumane Project,
To ſell your Daughters Maiden-head. (I care not
Who heares me, I.) And cunningly to make me
Your Hackney-jade to fetch your Chapmen in.
Mag. Where are we now?
Ja. What did my Husband mean to wiſh us hither?
Wat. Baſeneſs! I cannot call it bad enough.

Dry.

Dry. You were as forward in it as my ſelfe,
And wooed me you might have her without all faults.
Wat. Mine eyes are opened now.
Dry. But J beleive,
They were almoſt beaten out firſt.
Wat. And J vow
Ere J will marry ſo, Ile take a Beggar,
And joyn in trade with her, though I get nothing
But — My name is *Vermine* already, J
Thank a good Father for't.
Dry. A Beggar-wenches breed would propagate
Your name moſt numerouſly.
Wat. Much better then your Sale-ware, and more laſting.
J think J ſaw her to day muſt be the woman,
Good Madame Polcat, the trim Schoole-miſtriſs.
Ile make bold with your Schollar. What! you have more.
Ile carry her and her Virginity
Unto ſome fitter place of Execution.
Ali. You brought me hither, Sir, and here Ile ſtay.
Wat. What! in a Bawdy-houſe?
Mag. O deare! and is it ſo? VVhat are we then?
Is this your boun faſhion? Is this the carriage of the Body, that you would teach us? What, to bee VVhores? VVe could learn that at home, and there were need, without your teaching,
Ja. Mother; what do you mean?
Ali. Mrs *Bumpſey*; pray feare no harm.
Mag. O good lack! what will become of us? where are we now, *Jane*?
Betray'd! betray'd! Our honours are betray'd. O my poor *Bump.* how will thou take this at my hands, though J carry them never ſo Courtly?
Dry. 'Sfoot, ſhe's in her Mawdlin fit: All her wine ſhowres

ſhowres out in teares.

Mag. Oh, oh, oh, —— [*She falls*]

Dry. Pray have her in. Look carefully to her,

Mag. Oh, oh, oh, ——

Dry. Take the Bottle with yee.

Mag. I, I, I.

Dry. In all to the next Room. —— *Exeunt Fra.*

Wat. Sir, ſhe ſhall with me. Ile leave her where J found her. *Jane leading out Magdalen.*

Dry. Sir, no ſuch matter.

Wat. 'Sfoot, Gentlewoman, muſt I kick you out o' doores?

Dry. No, nor depart your ſelfe, but by Authority. J am provided for you. Friends come in.

Enter two Sergeants.

And do your Office.

Ser. We arreſt you, Sir; Nay, we ſhall rule you.

Wat. Ha, ha, ha. VVhy, this is well, and very hoſpitably done.

VVould any man but an old Bawde ha' done this?

Dry. Sir, J miſtruſted your Apoſtacy.

Since you revolt, J muſt recall my money;

Or lay you where J found you, as you threatned your Siſter here.

Wat. Baſer, and baſer ſtill. Are you a Knight?

A Knight, a Poſt-Knight. A Poſtillion,

That rides a fore-horſe, o're the Eares in durt,

Three fingers thick, is not ſo baſe. You Varlets,

Do you arreſt folkes in a bawdy-houſe?

Ser. VVe do not finde it ſo; Or, if it be,

The place may be as honeſt as our Office.

VVill you walk, Sir?

Wat. Stay; Let me conſider,

If

If now my Father (as ſome in like caſes
Have done) would take a fine ſubmiſſion.
I could affoard to kneele and whine, me-thinks,
Rather then back to my old Ward again.
Twill nere be handſome though.

Enter Valentine.

Val. The buſineſs Gentlemen.
Wat. My lucky friend.
Sir, you reliev'd me lately. Could you now
But add another Favour, it might teach
One, that nere learnt to pray, to pray for you.
Do you not know me, Sir? Twas I you ſav'd
Out of the Temple Sudds.
Val. Haſt thou been ſhav'd ſince?
Wat. No, Sir, I was diſguis'd.
Val. Diſguis'd!
Wat. Diſguis'd in villany, which I recant.
Val. Who knowes but he may prove an honeſt man?
Pray, Sir, a word.
Ser. We do not uſe to wait dry-fiſted; nor dry throated.
Wat. I would you were as wet all over, as I was like to have been: Or, as you are Catchpoles, I would you had been but in thoſe hands I eſcap'd from.
Dry. You have prevail'd, Sir.
Val. Sergeants you ſhall not out of the Houſe. Here's for halfe an houres attendance. Go into that Room with your Priſoner. You ſhall have Wine, and Smoak too.
Be of good cheere friend; if thou canſt be honeſt,
I can relieve thee: feare not.

Wat.

Wat. Sir, get my Father but to ſay as much,
And you ſhall be Co-heire with me. I vow you ſhall
have halfe. [*Exeunt* Wat, Sergeants]
Val. VVee'll talk anon. The Youth appeares converted.
Dry. There was no other meanes to work it by,
But that I us'd; to urg'd him paſt his Nature.
He was ſo free in's Villany, that I
Giving the Spurs, ran him beyond his ſpeed;
Quite off his Legs, and glad to be led home.
Val. His Father comes on fairely: I have follow'd
All your Inſtructions concerning him,
And my fantaſtick Father-'Law. Both whom
Are hard at hand, with the wiſe weſtern Knight.
He too's content to go to the beſt Ordinary,
VVhile tis beſt cheap he ſaies. VVhere are the women?
Dry. Your Mother-'Law, after ſhe had got
As much French Carriage, as might ſerve to furniſh
A petty Court; is fallen into a fit,
To over-throw it all againe.
Val. The better.
But is the houſe cleare, Sir, of all your Riflers?
Dry. As I could wish; And well ſatisfied.
For, when they underſtood the honeſt end,
My Project aim'd at; which, by an Oration
VVell charg'd with virtuous Sentences, I forc'd
Into the nobler Breaſts: they all recanted
The barbarous purpoſe; and as freely left
Their money for that Charitable uſe,
To which I pre-intended it. The reſt
Purs'd theirs again. But yet I have collected
In this odd uncouth way, five hundred Pounds,
That was laid down at ſtake for a Virginity,
To make an honeſt ſtock for *Franck*.
Val. Tis good.

I may

I may fetch in my Gueſts In the mean time
You may be pleas'd, Sir, to peruſe this Baper. — *Exit.*
Dry. How now! what's here? How might he come by this?
It is the ſcorn I ſent my injur'd Love;
My abus'd Elynor: The hand, that threw
Her from me. O, that at the price of it
I could receive her.

Enter Oliver. Ambroſe.

Ol. Sir, by your leave,
VVe come to ſup w'yee. Does your Rifling hold?
Amb. VVhat, you are off o'the hooks, me-thinks.
Ol. If there be no ſuch thing, tell us the Riddle?
Dry. You ſhall know all, and briefely. *Franck*, come in.

Enter Franck.

Now Gentlemen ———
Ol. Let us ſalute her firſt. — *Salute, then whiſper.*
Dry. She does not taſt of ſin. Faire Chaſtity
Sits crown'd upon her Brow, with an aſpect,
May beat down Luſt to Hell, from whence it roſe.
Fra. You profeſſe Nobly, ſir.
Ol. I vow, and do not lye to you: If I finde
Your Father ſo inhumane, you againſt it:
VVee'll be your Reſcue, if forty able ſword-men
VVhich we have, at the ſignall of a finger,
Planted in readineſs, can fetch you off:
Do you approve?
Fran. Yes, and admire your goodneſs.
Ol. Now we are for you, ſir.
Dry. Then heare the ſtory; which your late Impatience

patience would not permit.

Amb. You ſpeak not now
In that high Phraſe, or tone, as you did then. *Val.* Stand here, unſeene; and heare attentively.

Enter Valentine, Bumpſey, Vermine, Amphilus, Brookall, Elynor, Phillis.

Dry. I am a Gentleman, that by foule miſdeed
(Heaven, Heaven I aske thee pardon) once did wrong
To an unfortunate Family, by rejecting,
After affiance, and her love abuſ'd,
A Gentlewoman——

Ol. You got with child, and then deny'd her Marriage.

Dry. Twas ſo.

Ely. Ay me!

Val. No paſſion, gentle Soule.

Phil. If this ſhould prove my Father now!——

Ol. Well Sir, your Gentlewoman!

Dry. Shee, on the diſcontent, (poore hapleſſe Soule)
Now foureteen Winters ſince though ſadly burden'd,
Fled, and no more is heard of: at the firſt
My wildneſſe took no ſenſe of this deare Loſſe;
But drew me through the wayes of careleſſe pleaſure,
By riotous expence; that mine eſtate
And Credit ran at waſte, and was nigh ſpent,
Untill my treſpaſſe cry'd againſt my Conſcience
To render ſatisfaction; but in vaine
We offer to the dead. My Genius therefore
Prompts me to gratefull deeds unto her Blood.

Amb. What can this come to?

Dry. Shee had a Brother, that loſt his eſtate
By Law——

Br. Means he not mee?

Dry. To a Corrupt Oppreſſor——

Ver. Ha! How's that?

Dry. Was ſtript out of the very Coat he wore,

Had nothing left him, but a Sonne---

Ol. What's all this to your Daughter?

Dry. Even all that may be; (ſee) His Sonne's my Daughter. *Diſcover Franc.*
Now do you find my project Gentlemen?
It has at Charge of three dayes Houſe-keeping
Put halfe a thouſand pounds in's purſe; Beſides
A faire pull for his Fathers Land againe:
For he has, by a lawfull Church-man, married
The Daughter of his Fathers Adverſary.

Ol. Why, here are wonders!

Amb. Bravely, nobly done

Dry. Come Mrs. *Alice*; and juſtifie your Act.

Enter Alice

Ver. My Daughter, ha!

Amp. My ſweetheart, hoe!

Fra. Your haes and hoes can not draw her from me, ſhee is my Wife.

Ver. By what witch-craft?

Dry. By ſtronger Charmes, then your Art can diſſolve. You know me now, Sir---And my Project, do you not? *Diſcovers himſelfe.*

Ol. Amb. Sir *Humfrey Dryground.*

Ver. I am ſtruck dum with wonder.

Elin. O tis he, tis hee.

Val. Alaſſe ſhe ſwounes, Sir cheare you up this Lady, While I appeaſe the reſt. A word with you Sir.

Amp. I will not be appeaſ'd.

Dry. My love! my *Elynor*!

Bump. So, cheare her up Sir *Humfry*. To her againe Sir *Humfry*; your Sonne and mine in Law has told me all your ſtory, and reconcil'd your Brother *Brookall* to you before your interview. I know all, the full point and the whole ſubſtance; the flat and plaine of the buſineſſe, and now I love theſe things againe. How now Sir *Amphilus*

philus? Drown'd in Melancholly?

Amp. No: But and I were at the Duckingpond, I know what I know. But when I drown my ſelfe, I'll give you leave to hang me.

Ali. Your pardon, and your bleſſing, I beſeech you.

Ver. Hence. *Exit Valentine.*

Broo. Was this thy Journey into *France* my Boy?
High Providence hath made it good. But tell mee,
Was Love your chiefe Inſtructor to this Marriage?

Fran. Indeed it was equall in her and mee.

Ali. Pray Sir your bleſſing.

Ver. Away.

Broo. Turne this way for a bleſſing then my Daughter,

Bump. Shall I tell you Neighbour? Law has no reliefe for you; And Conſcience and you have a longe time been ſtrangers. Could you be friends and embrace Conſcience now, all would be well. And there's the ſubſtance. Is it plaine?

Ver. Conſcience! do you know where ſhe is?

Enter Val. Wat. Magdalen, Jane.

Val. Heeres one has brought her in his true Converſion.

Wat. Sir, If you can forgive, ~~and can obey you~~——
I now can better kneele, then ſpeak *He weeps*

Val. Do you note thoſe teares, Sir? Had you loſt your Daughter,
My Father had in this made you amends,
In finding you a Son. His Art converted him.

Ver. Sure, all's but Apparition, or a dream.

Bump. Ha! Think you ſo? Tis your own fleſh and blood: And by your leave and liking, may prove as honeſt a Man, as his Father. Is not this plaine now? Forgive and bleſſe e'm all over, and ſo Kiſſe'em too, They are your Children.

Mag. O my deare *Bump*! Art thou there? Thou mayſt kiſſe, and forgive me all over too, for any harm, or diſhonelty; though the place be as they ſay-at a word, *Bump*. Thou mayſt beleive me, I came but to learn Carriage of the Body, nor to carry no bodies body, but my owne body, *Bump*. No truely, truely *Bump*. o --- o --- that ever I did that.

Bump. Peace, peace: All's well. At leaſt I know your Diſeaſe.

Mag. Think me not drunk, good *Bump*, a little faſhion-ſick, or ſo.

Amp. Faſhion-ſick! a fine civill word. To be drunk, is faſhion-ſick.

Ver. I am awak'd out of the Lethargy
Of Avarice; Bleſt may our Friendſhip be.

Dry. I will not ſleep, before the holy Prieſt
Has done the Office. Bleſſing on my Girle.
Val, Thou haſt made me young againe: the beſt
Occurrents in this Project have been thine.
Thy Accidents exceeded my deſigne.

Val. They do not yet ceaſe here: For ſee, the ſtrife
Betwixt theſe long continued Adverſaries
Perfectly reconcil'd; and both have given
The young and hopefull married paire their Bleſſings.

Amp. To which I have given my Conſent moſt freely.
For it was *Nolens volens* as they ſay.

Val. They are beholden to you. Mr. *Vermine*
Reſtores unto the Son the Fathers Land,
For Dowry with his Daughter: And is taken
So with the good you wrought upon his Son,
The Convertite here; that if he ſtand firme
Till the determination of your Mortgage,
Hee I canceſl it, and ſend it *Gratis* to you.

Wat. That's ſure enough. But Sir, the other buſineſſe.

Dry.

Dry. What's that?

Val. The moſt to be admir'd of all;
He loves my Siſter here; and has done long:
But, now, that he perceaves her worth (being yours)
And, ſince you promiſ'd him your Daughter too,
He makes it his faire ſuit.

Dry. I'll talk with his Father.
And *Wat* ſtand you but firme, and live reform'd,
Winning my Daughters love, you ſhall have mine.

Phil. That Fortune is not blinde, that ſhew'd me way
To Father, Friends, and Husband in one day.

Dry. This binds us all into a Brother-hood.

Bro. And with a Brothers Love I now ſalute you.

Dry. So may we with a generall embrace,
Create the Heart of Friendſhip, not the Face.
Come Gentlemen, your Ordinary ſtayes,
Twill prove good fare (I hope) though no rich Feaſt;
And acceptable to each welcome Gueſt.

Epilogue

Epilogue.

NO way ambitious yet of vulgar praise,
The writer of these Scenes desires to know,
By your faire leave, though he assume no Bayes,
Whether he pull'd faire for a leafe or no.
If yes, then let your hands assistant be,
To incourage him to climb Apollo's *tree.*

FINIS.